

T H E

# CRITICAL REVIEW.

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For J U L Y, 1795.

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*A Journey made in the Summer of 1794, through Holland and the Western Frontier of Germany, with a Return down the Rhine. To which are added, Observations during a Tour to the Lakes of Lancashire, Westmoreland, and Cumberland. By Ann Radcliffe. 4to. 1l. 1s. Boards. Robinsons. 1795.*

THE character of Mrs. Radcliffe's pen, for a peculiar felicity in the description of objects of fancy, has been acknowledged by universal suffrage. The repeated instances of this given in the 'Mysteries of Udolpho,' where the objects are fanciful, and the descriptions consequently arbitrary, and sometimes redundant, excited a public wish that she might engage in a work where the same talent should be necessarily employed to delineate the grandeur, beauty, or sublimity of real scenery, and where the recurrence of description, following only the exhibitions of nature, should not be oppressive. Such a work is now before us, and we have not been disappointed in the expectations we were taught to form. It is indeed true that many have found it more easy to convey ideas of the creations of their own fancy, than to depict the visible and common appearances of nature. Indolence, habits of inattention, and ignorance of language, may however account for this. But such defects will not be complained of where the mind, stored with images, finds it easy to communicate them to others, and where genius and taste are accompanied, as they are not always, by that habit of observing with minuteness and recording with fidelity, which constitutes the genuine copyist.

In these qualities Mrs. Radcliffe must be allowed to excel in no common degree. Elaborate accuracy, just discrimination, the most acute feeling, and, what is no mean praise, the happiest selection of words and significant epithets are hers. Her language, it must be owned, is in some respects peculiar and unfamiliar, but it is the language that has been formed by all writers who have made picturesque description a study. It is partly the language of poetry and partly of painting; but the

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feeling mind acquiesces in its propriety, and its greatest beauty is that the means are proportioned to the end, that the grandeur of the thought is expressed with the least possible diminution, and that the enthusiasm of the author is in a great degree imparted to the reader. Language cannot do much more in a supposed state of perfection.—Her scenery is a grand combination of moving and fixed objects:—the effect of the rising or setting sun—the remote and indefinite wood—the obscure summit—the rocky promontory—the varied hues—the towering stem—the feathery branch—the heavy foliage—the spreading lawn—the abrupt break—the mouldering tower—the rushing torrent—and the many other objects that are lost to a common eye, or neglected by an impatient one, are here brought together, enriched with successive images and nervous expression, and contribute to raise in the mind the highest emotion of perfect grandeur or sublimity. Such is the peculiar felicity of our authoress in scenes like these, that she is one of the few *tourists* who have diminished the regret that they were not accompanied by a painter. We say *diminished*, for what might not have been expected from the mutual aid of the pen and the pencil!

This Journey commences at Helvoetsluys;—thence to Rotterdam, Delft, the Hague, Leyden, Amsterdam, Utrecht, Nimeguen, Cieves, Rheinberg, Neufs, Cologne, Bonn, Goodsborg, Andernach, Coblenz, Limbourg, Selters, Mentz, Franckfort, Oppenheim, Worms, Mannheim, Carlsruhe, and Fribourg. The return was to Mentz, &c. down the Rhine. In the course of this extensive tour, we meet not only with a delineation of various scenery, but a series of pertinent remarks on the manners of the people, their local customs, habits, modes of living, comparative state of industry and poverty, and such historical notices as are frequently excited by ‘local emotion’ on ground that ‘has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue.’ The observations on politics and civil œconomy are furnished (we are told in the Preface) by Mr. Radcliffe, who was her only companion on this journey. Information, likewise, such as could be procured on the spot, is given of many events that have taken place during the present war; and the whole affords such a happy union of incident, observation, and picturesque description, as cannot fail to interest the curiosity, and engage the attention. With regard to our authoress’s ideas of the objects of a traveller’s notice, it may not be improper to present our readers with the following, which are new and just. After describing the mean appearance of the streets of Cologne, it is remarked, that

“ These diminutive observations seem to take away something from the dignity of writing, and therefore are never communicated,  
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but with hesitation, and a little fear of abasement and contempt." And it is not only because they take away something from the dignity of writing, that such observations are withheld. To be thought capable of commanding more pleasures and preventing more inconveniences than others is a too general passport to respect; and, in the ordinary affairs of life, for one, that will shew somewhat less prosperity than he has, in order to try who will really respect him, thousands exert themselves to assume an appearance of more, which they might know can procure only the mockery of esteem for themselves, and the reality of it for their supposed conditions. Authors are not always free from a willingness to receive the fallacious sort of respect, that attaches to accidental circumstances, for the real sort, of which it would be more reasonable to be proud. A man, relating part of the history of his life, which is always necessarily done by a writer of travels, does not choose to shew that his course could lie through any scenes deficient of delights; or that, if it did, he was not enough elevated by his friends, importance, fortune, fame, or business, to be incapable of observing them minutely. The curiosities of cabinets and of courts are, therefore, exactly described, and as much of every occurrence as does not shew the relater moving in any of the plainer walks of life; but the difference between the stock of physical comforts in different countries, the character of conditions, if the phrase may be used, such as it appears in the ordinary circumstances of residence, dress, food, cleanliness, opportunities of relaxation; in short, the information, which all may gain, is sometimes left to be gained by all, not from the book, but from travel. A writer, issuing into the world, makes up what he mistakes for his best appearance, and is continually telling his happiness, or shewing his good-humour, as people in a promenade always smile, and always look round to observe whether they are seen smiling. The politest salutation of the Chinese, when they meet, is, "Sir, prosperity is painted on your countenance;" or, "your whole air announces your felicity;" and the writers of travels, especially since the censure thrown upon Smollet, seem to provide, that their prosperity shall be painted on their volumes, and all their observations announce their felicity.' P. 103.

The journey to Coblenz affords scope for a description both of the face of the country, and the manners of the inhabitants.

' We passed through two or three small towns, whose ruined gates and walls told of their antiquity, and that they had once been held of some consequence in the defence of the valley. Their present desolation formed a melancholy contrast with the cheerful cultivation around them. These, however, with every village in our way, were decorated with green boughs, planted before the door of each cottage, for it was a day of festival. The little chapels at the road-side,

and the image, which, every now and then, appeared under a spreading tree, were adorned with wreaths of fresh flowers; and though one might smile at the emblems of superstition, it was impossible not to reverence the sentiment of pious affection, which had adjusted these simple ornaments.

About half-way to Andernach, the western rocks suddenly recede from the river, and, rising to greater height, form a grand sweep round a plain cultivated with orchards, gardens, corn-fields and vineyards. The valley here spreads to a breadth of nearly a mile and an half, and exhibits grandeur, beauty and barren sublimity, united in a singular manner. The abrupt steeps, that rise over this plain, are entirely covered with wood, except that here and there the ravage of a winter torrent appeared, which could sometimes be traced from the very summit of the acclivity to the base. Near the centre, this noble amphitheatre opens to a glen, that shews only wooded mountains, point above point, in long perspective; such sylvan pomp we had seldom seen! But though the tastings of the nearer woods were beautifully luxuriant, there seemed to be few timber trees amongst them. The opposite shore exhibited only a range of rocks, variegated like marble, of which purple was the predominating tint, and uniformly disposed in vast, oblique strata. But even here, little green patches of vines peeped among the cliffs, and were led up crevices where it seemed as if no human foot could rest. Along the base of this tremendous wall, and on the points above, villages, with each its tall, gray steeple, were thickly strewn, thus mingling in striking contrast the cheerfulness of populous inhabitation with the horrors of untamed nature. A few monasteries, resembling castles in their extent, and known from such only by their spires, were distinguishable; and, in the widening perspective of the Rhine, an old castle itself, now and then, appeared on the summit of a mountain somewhat remote from the shore; an object rendered sweetly picturesque, as the sun's rays lighted up its towers and fortified terraces, while the shrubby steeps below were in shade.

We saw this landscape under the happiest circumstances of season and weather; the woods and plants were in their midsummer bloom, and the mellow light of evening heightened the richness of their hues, and gave exquisite effect to one half of the amphitheatre we were passing, while the other half was in shadow. The air was scented by bean-blossoms, and by lime-trees then in flower, that bordered the road. If this plain had mingled pasture with its groves, it would have been truly Arcadian; but neither here, nor through the whole of this delightful valley, did we see a single pasture or meadow, except now and then in an island on the Rhine; deficiencies which are here supplied, to the lover of landscape, by the verdure of the woods and vines. In other parts of Germany they are more to be regretted, where, frequently, only corn and rock colour the land.

Fatigued at length by such prodigality of beauty, we were glad to be

be shrouded awhile from the view of it, among close boughs, and to see only the wide rivulets, with their rustic bridges of faggots and earth, that, descending from among the mountains, frequently crossed our way; or the simple peasant-girl, leading her cows to feed on the narrow stripe of grass that margined the road. The little bells, that jingled at their necks, would not suffer them to stray beyond her hearing. If we had not long since dismissed our surprise at the scarcity and bad quality of cheese and butter in Germany, we should have done so now, on perceiving the scanty method of pasturing the cattle, which future observation convinced us was the frequent practice.

‘ About sun-set we reached the little village of Namedy, seated near the foot of a rock, round which the Rhine makes a sudden sweep, and, contracted by the bold precipices of Hammerstein on the opposite shore, its green current passes with astonishing rapidity and sounding strength. These circumstances of scenery, with the tall masts of vessels lying below the shrubby bank, on which the village stands, and seeming to heighten by comparison the stupendous rocks, that rose around them; the moving figures of boatmen and horses employed in towing a barge against the stream, in the bay beyond; and a group of peasants on the high quay, in the fore ground, watching their progress; the ancient castle of Hammerstein overlooking the whole—these were a combination of images, that formed one of the most interesting pictures we had seen.

‘ The valley again expanding, the walls and turrets of Andernach, with its Roman tower rising independently at the foot of a mountain, and the ruins of its castle above, appeared athwart the perspective of the river, terminating the pass; for there the rocky boundary opened to plains and remote mountains. The light vapour, that rose from the water, and was tinged by the setting rays, spread a purple haze over the town and the cliffs, which at this distance appeared to impend over it; colouring extremely beautiful, contrasted as it was by the clearer and deeper tints of rocks, wood and water nearer to the eye.

‘ As we approached Andernach, its situation seemed to be perpetually changing, with the winding bank. Now it appeared seated on a low peninsula, that nearly crossed the Rhine, overhung by romantic rocks; but this vision vanished as we advanced, and we perceived the town lying along a curving shore, near the foot of the cliffs, which were finely fringed with wood, and at the entrance of extensive plains. Its towers seen afar, would be signs of a considerable place, to those who had not before been wearied of such symptoms by the towers of Neufs, and other German towns. From a wooded precipice over the river we had soon after a fine retrospective glimpse of the valley, its fantastic shores, and long mountainous distance, over which evening had drawn her sweetest colouring. As we pursued the pass, the heights on either hand gradually softened;

the country beyond shewed remote mountains less wild and aspiring than those we had left, and the blooming tint, which had invested the distance, deepened to a dusky purple, and then vanished in the gloom of twilight. The progressive influence of the hour upon the landscape was interesting; and the shade of evening, under which we entered Andernach, harmonized with the desolation and silence of its old walls and the broken ground around them. We passed a drawbridge and a ruinous gateway, and were sufficiently fatigued to be somewhat anxious as to our accommodation. The English habit of considering, towards the end of the day's journey, that you are not far from the cheerful reception, the ready attendance, and the conveniences of a substantial inn, will soon be lost in Germany. There, instead of being in good spirits, during the last stage, from such a prospect, you have to consider, whether you shall find a room, not absolutely disgusting, or a house with any eatable provision, or a landlady, who will give it you, before the delay and the fatigue of an hundred requests have rendered you almost incapable of receiving it. When your carriage stops at the inn, you will perhaps perceive, instead of the alacrity of an English waiter, or the civility of an English landlord, a huge figure, wrapt in a great coat, with a red worsted cap on his head, and a pipe in his mouth, stalking before the door. This is the landlord. He makes no alteration in his pace on perceiving you, or, if he stops, it is to eye you with curiosity; he seldom speaks, never bows, or assists you to alight; and perhaps stands surrounded by a troop of slovenly girls, his daughters, whom the sound of wheels has brought to the door, and who, as they lean indolently against it, gaze at you with rude curiosity and surprise.

The drivers in Germany are all bribed by the innkeepers, and, either by affecting to misunderstand you, or otherwise, will constantly stop at the door, where they are best paid. That this money comes out of your pocket the next morning is not the grievance; the evil is, that the worst inns give them the most, and a traveller, unless he exactly remembers his directions, is liable to be lodged in all the vilest rooms of a country, where the best hotels have no lodging so clean and no larder so wholesomely filled as those of every half-way house between London and Canterbury. When you are within the inn, the landlord, who is eager to keep, though not to accommodate you, will affirm, that his is the inn you ask for, or that the other sign is not in the place; and, as you soon learn to believe any thing of the wretchedness of the country, you are unwilling to give up one lodging, lest you should not find another.

Our driver, after passing a desolate, half filled place, into which the gate of Andernach opened, entered a narrow passage, which afterwards appeared to be one of the chief streets of the place. Here he found a miserable inn, and declared that there was no other; but, as we had seen one of a much better appearance, we were at length brought



brought to that, and, though with some delay, were not ill accommodated, for the night.

Andernach is an ancient town, and it is believed, that a tower, which stands alone, at one end of the walls, was built by Drusus, of whom there are many traces in walls and castles, intended to defend the colonies, on this side of the Rhine, against the Germans, on the other. The fortifications can now be of little other use than to authorise the toll, which travellers pay, for entering a walled town; a tax, on account of which many of the walls are supported, though it is pretended, that the tax is to support the walls. By their means also, the elector of Cologne collects here the last of four payments, which he demands for the privilege of passing the Rhine from Urdingen to Andernach; and this is the most southern frontier town of his dominions on the western side of the Rhine, which soon after join those of the elector of Treves. Their length from hence to Rheinberg is not less than ninety miles; the breadth probably never more than twenty.

There is some trade, at Andernach, in tiles, timber, and mill-stones, but the heaps of these commodities upon the beach are the only visible symptoms of the traffic; for you will not see one person in the place moving as if he had business to attract him, or one shop of a better appearance, than an English huckster's, or one man in the dress of a creditable trader, or one house, which can be supposed to belong to persons in easy circumstances. The port contains, perhaps, half a dozen vessels, clinker built, in shape between a barge and a sloop; on the quay, you may see two or three fellows, harnessing half a dozen horses to a tow-line, while twenty more watch their lingering manœuvres, and this may probably be the morning's business of the town. Those, who are concerned in it, say that they are engaged in *commerce*.

This, or something like it, is the condition, as to trade, of all the towns we saw in Germany, one or two excepted. They are so far from having well filled, or spacious repositories, that you can scarcely tell at what houses there are any, till you are led within the door; you may then wait long after you are heard, or seen, before the owner, if he has any other engagement, thinks it necessary to approach you: if he has what you ask for, which he probably has not, unless it is something very ordinary, he tells the price and takes it, with as much sullenness, as if you were forcing the goods from him: if he has not, and can shew you only something very different, he then considers your enquiry as an intrusion, and appears to think himself injured by having had the trouble to answer you. What seems unaccountable in the manners of a German trader, is, that, though he is so careless in attending you, he looks as much distressed, as vexed, if you do not leave some money with him; but he probably knows, that you can be supplied no where else in the town, and, therefore, will not deny himself the indulgence of his temper. Even

when you are satisfied, his manner is so ill, that he appears to consider you his dependent, by wanting something which he can refuse. After perceiving that this is nearly general, the pain of making continual discoveries of idleness and malignity becomes so much greater than the inconvenience of wanting any thing short of necessities, that you decline going into shops, and wait for some easier opportunities of supplying whatever you may lose upon the road.' p. 154.

The reader will remember that much of the country through which they were now passing had been, or then was, the seat of a war carried on with savage ferocity, and unsparing alike of the humble cottage and the venerable temple. The desolation at Mentz, which is painted in lively colours, and cannot be read without suitable emotions, is followed by a circumstantial account of the taking and retaking of that city in 1792-3, partly extracted from a German pamphlet, which has not found its way into this country, and partly from oral information. As the history of the war can as yet only be collected from scattered fragments, this more perfect detail is not a little interesting.

It was the intention of our travellers to pass into Switzerland, and it must be regretted that they were not able to survey a country so happily adapted to the genius of our authors. It appears that the obstruction was occasioned (at Fribourg) by the ignorance or brutality of the *lieutenant de place*, who either believed or affected to believe that their name was not Radcliffe, but something like it with a German termination, and that they were not English but Germans. Neither lord Grenville's, nor M. de Schwartzkoff's passports, their letters from London to families in Switzerland, nor one of credit from Messrs. Hopes of Amsterdam to the banking-house of Porta at Lausanne, were sufficient to remove the suspicions of this vigilant officer.

On their return down the Rhine, in the course of which they met with a number of such adventures as arise from the manners of a people, perhaps upon the whole the most stupid and wretched in Europe, and many incidents which mark the changes of opinion produced by the success of the French arms, we find a description of one of the most curious and useful expeditions peculiar to the Rhine.

#### 'TIMBER FLOATS ON THE RHINE.'

'These are formed chiefly at Andernach, but consist of the fellings of almost every German forest; which, by streams, or short land carriage, can be brought to the Rhine. Having passed the rocks of Bingen and the rapids of St. Goar in small detachments, the several rafts are compacted at some town not higher than Andernach, into

into one immense body, of which an idea may be formed from this list of dimensions.

‘ The length is from 700 to 1000 feet; the breadth from 50 to 90; the depth, when manned with the whole crew, usually seven feet.

‘ The trees in the principal rafts are not less than 70 feet long, of which ten compose a raft.

‘ On this sort of floating island, five hundred labourers of different classes are employed, maintained and lodged, during the whole voyage; and a little street of deal huts is built upon it for their reception. The captain's dwelling and the kitchen are distinguished from the other apartments by being somewhat better built.

‘ The first rafts, laid down in this structure, are called the foundation, and are always either of oak, or fir-trees, bound together at their tops, and strengthened with firs, fastened upon them crossways by iron spikes. When this foundation has been carefully compacted, the other rafts are laid upon it, the trees of each being bound together in the same manner, and each *stratum* fastened to that beneath it. The surface is rendered even; storehouses and other apartments are raised; and the whole is again strengthened by large masts of oak.

‘ Before the main body proceed several thin and narrow rafts, composed only of one floor of timbers, which being held at a certain distance from the float by masts of oak, are used to give it direction and force, according to the efforts of the labourers upon them.

‘ Behind it, are a great number of small boats, of which fifteen or sixteen, guided by seven men each, are laden with anchors and cables: others contain articles of light rigging, and some are used for messages from this populous and important fleet to the towns, which it passes. There are twelve sorts of cordage, each having a name used only by the float-masters; among the largest are cables of four hundred yards long and eleven inches diameter. Iron chains are also used in several parts of the structure.

‘ The consumption of provisions on board such a float is estimated for each voyage at fifteen or twenty thousand pounds of fresh meat, between forty and fifty thousand pounds of bread, ten or fifteen thousand pounds of cheese, one thousand or fifteen hundred pounds of butter, eight hundred or one thousand pounds of dried meat, and five or six hundred tons of beer.

‘ The apartments on the deck are, first, that of the pilot, which is near one of the magazines, and opposite to it, that of the persons called masters of the float: another class, called masters of the valets, have also their apartment; near it is that of the valets, and then that of the sub-valets; after this are the cabins of the *tyrolois*, or last class of persons, employed in the float, of whom eighty or an hundred sleep upon straw in each, to the number of more than four hundred in all. There is, lastly, one large eating-room, in which the greater part of this crew dine at the same time.

‘ The pilot, who conducts the fleet from Andernach to Dusseldorf,

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quits it there, and another is engaged at the same salary, that is, five hundred florins, or 42*l.*; each has his sub-pilot, at nearly the same price. About twenty tolls are paid in the course of the voyage, the amount of which varies with the size of the fleet and the estimation of its value, in which latter respect the proprietors are so much subject to the caprice of customhouse officers, that the first signal of their intention to depart is to collect all these gentlemen from the neighbourhood, and to give them a grand dinner on board. After this, the float is sounded and measured, and their demands upon the owners settled.

‘ On the morning of departure, every labourer takes his post, the rowers on their benches, the guides of the leading rafts on theirs, and each boat’s crew in its own vessel. The eldest of the valet-masters then makes the tour of the whole float, examines the labourers, passes them in review, and dismisses those, who are unfit. He afterwards addresses them in a short speech; recommends regularity and alertness; and repeats the terms of their engagement, that each shall have five crowns and a half, besides provisions, for the ordinary voyage; that, in case of delay by accident, they shall work three days, gratis; but that, after that time, each shall be paid at the rate of twelve creitzers, about four pence, per day.

‘ After this, the labourers have a repast, and then, each being at his post, the pilot, who stands on high near the rudder, takes off his hat and calls out, “ Let us all pray.” In an instant there is the happy spectacle of all these numbers on their knees, imploring a blessing on their undertaking.

‘ The anchors, which were fastened on the shores, are now brought on board, the pilot gives a signal, and the rowers put the whole float in motion, while the crews of the several boats ply round it to facilitate the departure.

‘ Dort in Holland is the destination of all these floats, the sale of one of which occupies several months, and frequently produces 350,000 florins, or more than 30,000*l.*’ P. 333.

After their return to England, as some compensation for their disappointment in not being able to visit Switzerland, our travellers set out on a tour to the lakes. Those who have been delighted with what West, Gilpin, and others have given of the northern lake-scenery, will perhaps expect that little remained to which even the descriptive talents of Mrs. Radcliffe could give the force of novelty. But the following sketch of the scenery from Skiddaw will probably convince them that the varieties of nature are inexhaustible to the picturesque eye.

‘ On the following morning, having engaged a guide, and with horses accustomed to the labour, we began to ascend this tremendous mountain by a way, which makes the summit five miles from Keswick. Passing through bowery lanes, luxuriant with mountain ash, holly,



holly, and a variety of beautiful shrubs, to a broad, open common, a road led us to the foot of Latrigg, or, as it called by the country people, Skiddaw's Cub; a large round hill, covered with heath, turf and browsing sheep. A narrow path now wound along steep green precipices, the beauty of which prevented what danger there was from being perceived. Derwentwater was concealed by others, that rose above them, but that part of the vale of Keswick, which separates the two lakes, and spreads a rich level of three miles, was immediately below; Crosthwaite-church, nearly in the centre, with the vicarage, rising among trees. More under shelter of Skiddaw, where the vale spreads into a sweet retired nook, lay the house and grounds of Dr. Brownrigg.

‘ Beyond the level, opened a glimpse of Bassenthwaite-water; a lake, which may be called elegant, bounded, on one side, by well-wooded rocks, and, on the other, by Skiddaw.

‘ Soon after, we rose above the steeps, which had concealed Derwentwater, and it appeared, with all its enamelled banks, sunk deep amidst a chaos of mountains, and surrounded by ranges of fells, not visible from below. On the other hand, the more cheerful lake of Bassenthwaite expanded at its entire length. Having gazed a while on this magnificent scene, we pursued the path, and soon after reached the brink of a chasm, on the opposite side of which wound our future track; for the ascent is here in an acutely zig-zag direction. The horses carefully picked their steps along the narrow precipice, and turned the angle, that led them to the opposite side.

‘ At length, as we ascended, Derwentwater dwindled on the eye to the smallness of a pond, while the grandeur of its amphitheatre was increased by new ranges of dark mountains, no longer individually great, but so from accumulation; a scenery to give ideas of the breaking up of a world. Other precipices soon hid it again, but Bassenthwaite continued to spread immediately below us, till we turned into the heart of Skiddaw, and were enclosed by its steeps. We had now lost all track even of the flocks, that were scattered over these tremendous wilds. The guide conducted us by many curvings among the heathy hills and hollows of the mountain; but the ascents were such, that the horses panted in the slowest walk, and it was necessary to let them rest every six or seven minutes. An opening to the south, at length, shewed the whole plan of the narrow vales of St. John and of Nadale, separated by the dark ridge of rock, called St. John's-rigg, with each its small line of verdure at the bottom, and bounded by enormous gray fells, which we were, however, now high enough to overlook.

‘ A white speck, on the top of St. John's-rigg, was pointed out by the guide to be a chapel of ease to Keswick, which has no less than five such, scattered among the fells. From this chapel, dedicated to St. John, the rock and the vale have received their name, and our guide told us, that Nadale was frequently known by the same title.

‘ Leaving

• Leaving this view, the mountain soon again shut out all prospect, but of its own vallies and precipices, covered with various shades of turf and moss, and with heath, of which a dull purple was the prevailing hue. Not a tree, or bush appeared on Skiddaw, nor even a stone wall any where broke the simple greatness of its lines. Sometimes, we looked into tremendous chasms, where the torrent, heard roaring long before it was seen, had worked itself a deep channel, and fell from ledge to ledge, foaming and shining amidst the dark rock. These streams are sublime from the length and precipitancy of their course, which, hurrying the sight with them into the abyss, act, as it were, in sympathy upon the nerves, and, to save ourselves from following, we recoil from the view with involuntary horror. Of such, however, we saw only two, and those by some departure from the usual course up the mountain; but every where met gushing springs, till we were within two miles of the summit, when our guide added to the rum in his bottle what he said was the last water we should find in our ascent.

• The air now became very thin, and the steeps still more difficult of ascent; but it was often delightful to look down into the green hollows of the mountain, among pastoral scenes, that wanted only some mixture of wood to render them enchanting.

• About a mile from the summit, the way was, indeed, dreadfully sublime, lying, for nearly half a mile, along the ledge of a precipice, that passed with a swift descent, for probably near a mile, into a glen within the heart of Skiddaw; and not a bush, or a hillock interrupted its vast length, or, by offering a midway check in the descent, diminished the fear it inspired. The ridgy steeps of Saddleback formed the opposite boundary of the glen, and, though really at a considerable distance, had, from the height of the two mountains, such an appearance of nearness, that it almost seemed as if we could spring to its side. How much too did simplicity increase the sublime of this scenery, in which nothing but mountain, heath and sky appeared.

• But our situation was too critical, or too unusual, to permit the just impressions of such sublimity. The hill rose so closely above the precipice as scarcely to allow a ledge wide enough for a single horse. We followed the guide in silence, and, till we regained the more open wild, had no leisure for exclamation. After this, the ascent appeared easy and secure, and we were bold enough to wonder, that the steeps near the beginning of the mountain had excited any anxiety.

• At length, passing the skirts of the two points of Skiddaw, which are nearest to Derwentwater, we approached the third and loftiest, and then perceived, that their steep sides, together with the ridges, which connect them, were entirely covered near the summits with a whitish shivered slate, which threatens to slide down them with every gust of wind. The broken state of this slate makes the present summits  
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seem like the ruins of others; a circumstance as extraordinary in appearance as difficult to be accounted for.

‘ The ridge, on which we passed from the neighbourhood of the second summit to the third, was narrow, and the eye reached, on each side, down the whole extent of the mountain, following, on the left, the rocky precipices, that impend over the lake of Bassenthwaite, and looking, on the right, into the glens of Saddleback, far, far below. But the prospects, that burst upon us from every part of the vast horizon, when we had gained the summit, were such as we had scarcely dared to hope for, and must now rather venture to enumerate, than to describe.

‘ We stood on a pinnacle, commanding the whole dome of the sky. The prospects below, each of which had been before considered separately as a great scene, were now miniature parts of the immense landscape. To the north, lay, like a map, the vast tract of low country, which extends between Bassenthwaite and the Irish Channel, marked with the silver circles of the river Derwent, in its progress from the lake. Whitehaven and its white coast were distinctly seen, and Cockermouth seemed almost under the eye. A long blackish line, more to the west, resembling a faintly formed cloud, was said by the guide to be the Isle of Man, who, however, had the honesty to confess, that the mountains of Down in Ireland, which have been sometimes thought visible, had never been seen by him in the clearest weather.

‘ Bounding the low country to the north, the wide Solway Firth, with its indented shores, looked like a gray horizon, and the double range of Scottish mountains, seen dimly through mist beyond, like lines of dark clouds above it. The Solway appeared surprisingly near us, though at fifty miles distance, and the guide said, that, on a bright day, its shipping could plainly be discerned. Nearly in the north, the heights seemed to soften into plains, for no object was there visible through the obscurity, that had begun to draw over the furthest distance; but, towards the east, they appeared to swell again, and what we were told were the Cheviot hills dawned feebly beyond Northumberland. We now spanned the narrowest part of England, looking from the Irish Channel, on one side, to the German Ocean, on the other, which latter was, however, so far off as to be discernible only like a mist.

‘ Nearer than the county of Durham, stretched the ridge of Cross-fell, and an indistinct multitude of the Westmoreland and Yorkshire highlands, whose lines disappeared behind Saddleback, now evidently pre-eminent over Skiddaw, so much so as to exclude many a height beyond it. Passing this mountain in our course to the south, we saw, immediately below, the fells round Derwent-water, the lake itself remaining still concealed in their deep rocky bosom. Southward and westward, the whole prospect was a “turbulent chaos of dark mountains.” All individual dignity was now lost

lost in the immensity of the whole, and every variety of character was overpowered by that of astonishing and gloomy grandeur.

‘ Over the fells of Borrowdale, and far to the south, the northern end of Windermere appeared, like a wreath of gray smoke, that spreads along the mountain’s side. More southward still, and beyond all the fells of the lakes, Lancaster sands extended to the faintly seen waters of the sea. Then to the west, Duddon sands gleamed in a long line among the fells of High Furness. Immediately under the eye, lay Bassenthwaite, surrounded by many ranges of mountains, invisible from below. We overlooked all these dark mountains, and saw green cultivated vales over the tops of lofty rocks, and other mountains over these vales in many ridges, whilst innumerable narrow glens were traced in all their windings and seen uniting behind the hills with others, that also sloped upwards from the lake.

‘ The air on this summit was boisterous, intensely cold and difficult to be inspired, though the day was below warm and serene. It was dreadful to look down from nearly the brink of the point, on which we stood, upon the lake of Bassenthwaite and over a sharp and separated ridge of rocks, that from below appeared of tremendous height, but now seemed not to reach half way up Skiddaw; it was almost as if

“ the precipitation might down stretch  
Below the beam of light.”

‘ Under the lee of an heaped up pile of slates, formed by the customary contribution of one from every visitor, we found an old man sheltered, whom we took to be a shepherd, but afterwards learned was a farmer and, as the people in this neighbourhood say, a “stateman;” that is, had land of his own. He was a native and still an inhabitant of an adjoining vale; but, so laborious is the enterprise reckoned, that, though he had passed his life within view of the mountain, this was his first ascent. He descended with us, for part of our way, and then wound off towards his own valley, stalking amidst the wild scenery, his large figure wrapt in a dark cloak and his steps occasionally assisted by a long iron pronged pike, with which he had pointed out distant objects.

‘ In the descent, it was interesting to observe each mountain below gradually re-assuming its dignity, the two lakes expanding into spacious surfaces, the many little vallies, that sloped upwards from their margins, recovering their variegated tints of cultivation, the cattle again appearing in the meadows, and the woody promontories changing from smooth patches of shade into richly tufted summits. At about a mile from the top, a great difference was perceptible in the climate, which became comparatively warm, and the summer hum of bees was again heard among the purple heath.

‘ We reached Keswick, about four o’clock, after five hours passed in this excursion, in which the care of our guide greatly lessened



the notion of danger. Why should we think it trivial to attempt some service towards this poor man? We have reason to think, that whoever employs, at Kewick, a guide of the name of Doncaster, will assist him in supporting an aged parent.' P. 453.

Of such scenery Mrs. Radcliffe observes that it is difficult to spread varied pictures. A repetition of the same images of rock, wood, and water, and the same epithets of grand, vast, and sublime, which necessarily occur, must appear tautologous upon paper, though their archetypes in nature, ever varying in outline or arrangement, exhibit new visions to the eye, and produce new shades of effect upon the mind. It is difficult also, where these delightful differences have been experienced, to forbear dwelling on the remembrance, and attempting to sketch the peculiarities which occasioned them. In this part of the work what is generally known is omitted; but the same attention, as in the former, is preserved in noting the manners of the people, which being very different from those that are observable nearer the metropolis, or in the southern or western counties, naturally excite reflections which a lover of simple nature delights to indulge.

After having made so free in extracting from this *Journey*, we shall be happy if we have conveyed to the reader a part of the satisfaction we experienced in the perusal of a work written with ability such as is seldom met with, and embellished with a greater variety of incident and anecdote than our limits will permit us to give a full idea of. Few travellers are found possessed of requisites so essential to the entertainment of their readers, who, while they reap instruction from just reflections on human life and manners, will be no less pleased with descriptive ornaments, which enliven their imagination and improve their taste.

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*Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society of London. For the Year 1794. Part I. 4to. 7s. 6d. Elmsley. 1794.*

WHILE the din of arms still resounds,—while political contests engage the attention, the almost exclusive attention of our countrymen,—silent inquiry and patient investigation can seldom claim the moments more forcibly arrested and more firmly occupied by the turbulent pursuits of war or of ambition. These must be the excuses of the learned Society whose *Transactions* we are now to examine, for the increasing delays in the appearance of their annual volume: these must be ours if we have not followed their footsteps more closely. But, while we continue to be *literary* journalists, we must not forsake the cause of science; and the feast of reason must possess its share of attention, notwithstanding the claims of subjects in these moments

moments of danger more personally interesting. But we shall not add to the delay by a tedious introduction.

Art. I. An Account of the Discovery of a Comet. In a Letter from Miss Caroline Herschel to Joseph Planta, Esq. Sec. R. S.—The only information we receive from this short article is, that the comet, on the 8th of November 1793, preceded the  $\delta$  Ophiuchi  $6^{\circ} 34''$  in time, and was  $1^{\circ} 25'$  more north.

Art. II. Account of a new Pendulum. By George Fordyce, M. D. F. R. S. Being the Bakerian Lecture.—The author of the Bakerian Lecture has explained very satisfactorily the structure of his new pendulum. Its principle we shall explain. If a rod expands in length, it will raise another, fixed horizontally on its upper end at right angles. If to the other extremity of this horizontal rod another rod be suspended, and heat applied equally to both, the first will raise the horizontal lever, and, of course, the rod appended to it. But supposing the whole of the same materials, the appended rod will be equally expanded, and its end, which hangs loose, will remain in the same place. This principle is varied according as the rods are of similar or dissimilar materials, and applied with great success to the pendulums of clocks; but the particular explanation would be unintelligible without the plate. The principle is not greatly different from former inventions, and the chief merit, we think, consists in the method of adapting it to different circumstances, and executing the plan with dissimilar materials.

The application is also ingenious. The easiest and best method, as we have formerly explained with some care, of ascertaining an invariable measure of length, and consequently of surface and solidity, is to find the difference of length of two pendulums vibrating different times. This was the object of Mr. Whitehurst's apparatus, noticed in our account of his life. But, in this apparatus, as Dr. Fordyce observes, there was no means of keeping the length of the pendulums the same when the heat varied; and our present author has found by experience that it is very difficult, even with the most careful attention, to keep artificial heat from varying at least four or five degrees. Dr. Fordyce's pendulum, applied to Mr. Whitehurst's apparatus, seemed to answer very well; and, in the construction, it appears easy to adapt it to cycloidal cheeks, so that it may really vibrate in a cycloidal arc.

Art. III. Some Facts relative to the late Mr. John Hunter's Preparation for the Croonian Lecture. By Everard Home, Esq. F. R. S.—This ingenious idea will, we trust, not be lost. On inquiry Mr. Hunter found, that while we see objects distinctly at different distances, there seemed to be no provision  
for

for altering the shape of the eye, sufficient to produce an adequate and proportional change in the focus. He therefore suspected that the external part of the crystalline itself was muscular. He found it so in the scuttle-fish; and, in the *tænia hydatigena*, there is a strong muscular power, without the appearance of muscular fibres. It is evident, from numerous facts, that muscular power exists where muscular fibres cannot be traced without some preparation; and it will be obvious that a muscular structure is sufficient to explain the phenomena: nor is a transparent muscular substance without an example in the animal oeconomy. At present the whole is only a probable supposition: we could wish that it might be pursued by experiment.

Art. IV. Observations of a Quintuple Belt on the Planet Saturn. By William Herschel, LL.D. F. R. S. — Art. VIII. On the Rotation of the Planet Saturn upon its Axis. By William Herschel, LL.D. F. R. S.—Mr. Herschel describes five bands or belts on Saturn; and, as there are similar appearances on Jupiter, thinks them connected with the rapidity of the rotation. Neither Mars nor Venus has any belts, and their rotation is much slower than that of Jupiter. But this rapidity, in the subsequent article, is ascertained. Mr. Herschel has there recorded the appearances with great fidelity, from observations which he made, he tells us, without forming any previous opinion, and consequently with a mind wholly unbiassed. The appearances are incapable of abridgement, and the determination of the period requires a diagram. Both would be useless in this place, because to examine the subject minutely would require the whole paper; and, to the minute inquirer only, would any detail be useful. The computed period is  $10^h 16' 0'',4$ .

‘I shall only add one general remark, which is, that if we lengthen the time of the rotation but 2 minutes, it will throw the last observation back above 116 degrees; and if we diminish it by 2 minutes, there will arise an excess of more than 117; and, in either case, the calculations and observations would be totally at variance: from which we may conclude that our period must be exact to much less than 2 minutes, either way. Indeed, what alterations may have taken place in the belts themselves, it is impossible to determine. That there have been some, we may admit, and rather suppose, but we have no particular reason to suspect them to have been very considerable. And, after we have shewn that a proper motion, in the spots of the belts, of 116 degrees one way, or of 117 the other, would only occasion an error of 2 minutes in time, we need not hesitate to fix the rotation of the planet Saturn upon its axis at  $10^h 16' 0'',4$ .’  
p. 66.

C. R. N. ARR. (XIV.) *July*, 1795.

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Art. V.

Art. V. Observations on the fundamental Property of the Lever; with a Proof of the Principle assumed by Archimedes, in his Demonstration. By the Rev. S. Vince, A. M. F. R. S. —Archimedes supposed that if two equal bodies be placed upon a lever, their effect to turn it about any point is the same as if they were placed in the middle point between them. Mr. Vince enlarges on the gratuitous assumptions, or insufficient demonstrations of this position in the works of Huygens, Newton, Maclaurin, Hamilton, and Landen. All our author's objections are however by no means well founded; nor can we admit that the demonstrations of Maclaurin, Hamilton, and Landen are incomplete: little is required to extend them to every necessary circumstance. Mr. Vince's demonstration is indeed very correct and elegant. It rests however on a principle which every philosopher will not admit to be 'self-evident' — 'that equal bodies at equal distances must produce equal effects.' — This involves another proposition that has been disputed.

Art. VI. Account of some Particulars observed during the late Eclipse of the Sun. By William Herschel, LL.D. F. R. S. —These appearances relate to the lunar mountains, the highest of which Mr. Herschel finds does not exceed a mile and a half in altitude.

'It may seem, perhaps, extraordinary that in the trial above mentioned, the eye should be able to ascertain the proportion of a quantity so little as the fifteen hundredth, or two thousandth part of the diameter of the moon; but the experiment may be easily repeated in the following manner:

'Upon a line, six or eight inches long, drawn on a sheet of paper, make several small marks, representing mountains on the projected circumference of a large globe. The paper being then placed in a proper light and situation, withdraw the eye to the distance of 7, 8, or 9 feet, and take notice which of the marks appear of the same size, and distinctness, with the mountains they represent. Then, from the known angular magnitude of the moon, calculate its diameter, at the distance of your situation; this, multiplied by the power of the telescope, gives the diameter of a circle, to the circumference of which belongs the line, upon which are placed the marks above described. Now, measure the elevation of these marks above that line, and you will obtain the proportion they bear to the diameter of the circle.

'In my experiment, I found that I could plainly see some small protuberances at 9 feet distance, which were no higher than the 50th part of an inch. Then putting the diameter of the moon at 30', we have the sum of the logarithms of the tangent of 30'; of the power 287; and of the 50ths of an inch contained in 9 feet; which, taken from the logarithm of the diameter of the moon in miles, gives the  
logarithm



logarithm of, 16. By which we find, that so small a mountain as the  $\frac{1}{1000}$ th, or not much more than the sixth part of a mile, may be perceived and estimated by the telescope and power that was used upon this occasion; and that, consequently, the estimation of mountains, near a mile and an half high, must become a very easy task.  
P. 41.

Art. VII. The Latitudes and Longitudes of several Places in Denmark; calculated from the Trigonometrical Operations. By Thomas Bugge, F. R. S. Regius Professor of Astronomy at Copenhagen.—A table of latitudes and longitudes, if not relating to any particular object, forms but an uninteresting detail. The method of finding them is equally dry and unentertaining. It cannot however be too often published, that, in every former chart the position of Anholt is very erroneous. ‘*The light-house of Anholt, and the whole isle, is from 7 to 9 minutes too much westerly; and the distance from the light-house, to the Swedish coast, in a direction perpendicular to the meridian of the light-house, is, in all maps hitherto published, nearly 4 English miles, or  $\frac{1}{8}$  part of the whole, too great.*’—This error, when discovered by navigators, has been hitherto ascribed to currents.

Art. IX. An Account of a Method of measuring the comparative Intensities of the Light emitted by Luminous Bodies. By Lieutenant General Sir Benjamin Thompson, Count of Rumford, F. R. S. In two Letters to Sir Joseph Banks, Bart. P. R. S.—This curious essay is unnecessarily prolix. The first idea, the first rude apparatus, need not have been explained with so much minuteness, and the maturity of no very complex instrument developed with such progressive attention. It is enough for us to say, that the density of the lights is estimated by the density of their respective shadows; and that the instrument is contrived so as to render the operation easy, and the determination certain. It is assumed, as a principle, that the intensity of light is every where as the squares of the distances inversely. But it was necessary to bring this lemma to the test of experiment; and, as it must be evident, that it can only be true when light is propagated in a perfectly transparent or unresisting space, it was first expedient to examine the resistance of the air to light.

These experiments should be repeated with greater care and caution; for they either prove that the assumed principle is erroneous, or that the passage through air adds rather to the intensity of light. Either conclusion must be wrong; and consequently the experiments are defective. Indeed we perceive many sources of error; but perhaps the loss of light in so small a space, and the relative darkness of shadows, are with such difficulty to be ascertained, that more extensive experiments, or a better criterion should be instituted.

In the passage of light through a fine well polished piece of mirror glass, the loss of light was nearly  $\frac{2}{10}$ ths of the whole. In reflection, more than  $\frac{1}{4}$ d part of the light is lost, even from the most carefully polished mirror: from an indifferent looking-glass, nearly one half was lost. The angles at which light impinges on the glass, either for reflection or refraction, make but little difference, if between  $45^{\circ}$  and  $85^{\circ}$ , or  $40^{\circ}$  and  $50^{\circ}$ .

The light of an Argand's lamp is to that of a lamp of the common construction, with a ribband wick, as 187 to 100; and the quantity of light with a given quantity of oil in these two lamps is as 100 to 85. The saving consequently in using Argand's lamp is about 15 per cent. The light of the lamp, when compared with that of a wax candle  $\frac{1}{4}$  of an inch in diameter, was as 1 to 12. The following paragraph cannot be abridged.

‘To determine to what the ordinary variations in the quantity of light emitted by a common wax candle might amount, I took such a candle, and lighting it, placed it before the photometer, and over against it an Argand's lamp, which was burning with a very steady flame; and measuring the intensity of the light emitted by the candle from time to time, during an hour, the candle being occasionally snuffed when it appeared to stand in need of it, its light was found to vary from 100 to about 60. The light of a wax candle of an inferior quality was still more unequal, but even this was but trifling compared to the inequalities of the light of a tallow candle.

‘An ordinary tallow candle, of rather an inferior quality, having been just snuffed, and burning with its greatest brilliancy, its light was as 100; in eleven minutes it was but 39; after eight minutes more had elapsed, its light was reduced to 23; and in ten minutes more, or twenty-nine minutes after it had been last snuffed, its light was reduced to 16. Upon being again snuffed it recovered its original brilliancy, 100.’ P. 100.

In the production of light, 100 parts of bees'-wax are equal to 101 of tallow, 129 of olive oil, 125 of rape oil, and 120 of linseed oil. Count Rumford appears to be surpris'd at a very common circumstance, that a candle burns twice as fast, when not snuffed. It is not true that, in the latter circumstance, it gives less light; but a black opaque body, in the midst of the flame, eclipses a great part of the light. Besides, when a candle is snuffed, the inflamed tallow evaporates from a much smaller surface than when it is not snuffed; and, as the flame is hollow, less tallow must be burnt. The whole merit of Argand's lamp depends on its being a ribband, rather than a cone of flame; and even the middle part of the ribband is hollow. The transparency of flame is the consequence of its being hollow. There are many facts to prove this transpa-

rency, added to what count Rumford has collected. On the whole, the present memoir is a very judicious one, and the experiments are well connected and ably conducted. Yet, with a little more attention to what had been before attempted on the subject, our author's views would have been more extensive, and his improvements more considerable.

Art. X. An Account of some Experiments upon Coloured Shadows. By Lieutenant General Sir Benjamin Thompson, Count of Rumford, F. R. S. In a Letter to Sir Joseph Banks, Bart. P. R. S. — We have more than once mentioned the circumstances in which shadows appear fringed with prismatic colours. The coloured shadows however, in the present experiments, are of a different kind, and in part an optical delusion. A beam of day-light, illuminated by a candle, was yellow; and the light of the candle illumined by the beam of day, blue. The light of a candle is constantly indeed yellow; but the yellow appears more distinct contrasted with the blue, which is in itself produced only by the contrast of yellow. This subject of the contrast of colours has been formerly much attended to; and it could have been wished that count Rumford had been aware of the observations of his predecessors: they would have saved him much trouble. As the facts however are not generally known, we shall transcribe a passage or two from the paper before us.

‘The result of these experiments having confirmed my suspicions that the colours of the shadows arose from the different degrees of whiteness of the two lights, I now endeavoured, by bringing day-light to be of the same yellow tinge with candle light, by the interposition of sheets of coloured glass, to prevent the shadows being coloured when daylight and candle light were together the subjects of the experiment; and in this I succeeded. I was even able to reverse the colours of the shadows, by causing the day light to be of a deeper yellow than the candle light. In the course of these experiments I observed, that different shades of yellow given to the day light produced very different and often quite unexpected effects: thus one sheet of the yellow glass interposed before the beam of day-light, changed the yellow shadow to a lively violet colour, and the blue shadow to a light green; two sheets of the same glass nearly destroyed the colours of both the shadows; and three sheets changed the shadow which was originally yellow to blue, and that which was blue to a purplish yellow colour.

‘When the beam of daylight was made to pass through a sheet of blue glass, the colours of the shadows, the yellow as well as the blue, were improved and rendered in the highest degree clear and brilliant; but when the blue glass was placed before the candle, the colours of the shadows were very much impaired.’ p. 117.

‘ Reflecting upon the great variety of colours observed in these last experiments, many of which did not appear to have the least relation to the apparent colours of the light by which they were produced, I began to suspect that the colours of the shadows might, in many cases, notwithstanding their apparent brilliancy, be merely an optical deception, owing to contrast, or to some effect of the other neighbouring colours upon the eye. To determine this fact by a direct experiment, I proceeded in the following manner. Having, by making use of a flat ruler instead of the cylinder, contrived to render the shadows much broader, I shut out of the room every ray of daylight, and prepared to make the experiment with two Argand’s lamps, well trimmed, and which were both made to burn with the greatest possible brilliancy; and having assured myself that the light they emitted was precisely of the same colour, by the shadows being perfectly colourless which were projected upon the white paper, I directed a tube about 12 inches long, and near an inch in diameter, lined with black paper, against the centre of one of the broad shadows; and looking through this tube with one eye, while the other was closed, I kept my attention fixed upon the shadow, while an assistant repeatedly interposed a sheet of yellow glass before the lamp whose light corresponded to the shadow I observed, and as often removed it. The result of the experiment was very striking, and fully confirmed my suspicions with respect to the fallacy of many of the appearances in the foregoing experiments. So far from being able to observe any change in the shadow upon which my eye was fixed, I was not able even to tell when the yellow glass was before the lamp, and when it was not; and though the assistant often exclaimed at the striking brilliancy and beauty of the blue colour of the very shadow I was observing, I could not discover in it the least appearance of any colour at all. But as soon as I removed my eye from the tube, and contemplated the shadow with all its neighbouring accompaniments, the other shadows rendered *really* yellow by the effect of the yellow glass, and the white paper which had likewise from the same cause acquired a yellowish hue, the shadow in question appeared to me, as it did to my assistant, of a beautiful blue colour. I afterwards repeated the same experiment with the apparently blue shadow produced in the experiment with daylight and candle light, and with exactly the same result.

‘ How far these experiments may enable us to account for the apparent blue colour of the sky, and the great variety of colours which frequently adorn the clouds, as also what other useful observations may be drawn from them, I leave to philosophers, opticians, and painters to determine. In the mean time, I believe it is a new discovery, at least it is undoubtedly a very extraordinary fact, that the eyes are not always to be believed, *even with respect to the presence or absence of colours.*’ P. 115.



Art. XI. Investigations founded on the Theory of Motion, for determining the Times of Vibration of Watch Balances. By George Atwood, Esq. F. R. S.—Of this very accurate and ingenious paper we can give no analysis. Its object is to connect the motion of watches, or machines regulated by the balance, with the general laws of mechanics. In watches, the real measure of time is the balance, and the regularity of the time-keeper must depend on that of the time in which the balance vibrates; consequently the correctest time-pieces must, in their vibrations, come nearest to the computed time. This it is Mr. Atwood's design to shew in the present paper; and he has succeeded completely.

The usual Meteorological Journal concludes the first part of the volume, and we find in it the constant error of extreme heat at 2 in the afternoon. On the 7th the thermometer was at 89°, while, within doors, it was 72°. This is of less consequence, if the uncorrected number was not employed in estimating the *mean* heats of each month. The mean heat of April was 45°½;—the range of the barometer from 28.72 to 29.74 inches;—the whole quantity of rain only 17.128. In this also there must undoubtedly be some error; and we may be allowed to add, that journals, kept with so much apparent inattention, can never be useful to science. When published under the patronage of the learned Society, the disgrace which reflects on themselves will be in the proportion of the injury to the science of meteorology.

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*The Immortality of the Soul: a Poem: from the Latin of Isaac Hawkins Browne: translated by John Lettice, B. D. late Fellow of Sidney College, Cambridge. To which is added the Original Poem; with a Commentary and Annotations, by the Translator. 8vo. 4s. 6d. Boards. Rivingtons. 1795.*

THE poem, of which this is a translation, has long been crowned with the approbation of the learned. For adding to the number of translations of it, the following reasons are given in the dedication to the son of the original author.

‘The reason of my adding myself to their number is less the hope of excelling the more successful of my predecessors, than that of contributing, at this momentous crisis, which threatens the happiness of half our species, to recal the thoughtless, the mistaken, the incredulous and the wicked to a subject, calculated above all others, and under all circumstances, to engage the attention, and attach the affection of human beings. Who, that has not abandoned the common feelings of his nature, can contemplate, with indifference, a

conjuncture characterised by violent, wild, and unnatural efforts, not only to despoil mankind of every thing held most valuable and precious in this life; but to annihilate all expectation, and even desire, of future happiness? Were the author of the following translation, and of its accompaniments, to say, that he could not observe such an aspect of things, at any moment, unmoved; and that he would rejoice in every opportunity of assisting, but in the lowest degree, to counteract those direful principles, which menace the world with barbarism and desolation; he would flatter himself, that an avowal which the most ordinary degree of attachment to the interests of humanity might prompt any individual to make, will not, in himself, be imputed to affectation, or egotism.' P. iv.

The nature of the poem would at any time have sufficiently recommended the intention of a translator: and, as he is so sensibly alarmed at the present critical state of the moral world,—an alarm in which indeed we see less reason to be so excessively affected,—he is certainly right in addressing himself to the fair sex, and endeavouring to fix them more firmly in the cause of religion and virtue. We agree with him that, if they joined our adversaries, the cause might be almost hopeless: but we confess that we have not as yet in this respect felt any apprehensions of defection. As in the annotations great use is made of the ancient authors, the ladies might have been deterred from a perusal of this work,—but the translator removes their fears, and is very solicitous of their patronage.

'As my elegant countrywomen, though cultivated above those of every other nation, do not, in general, make the dead languages an object of their intellectual pursuit, I have been careful to translate every Greek and Latin passage, which I have cited, except in a few instances, where I have given the translations of others. For I am ambitious of having many readers of that sex; being entirely persuaded, that were the groveling principles of materialism, and of the mortality of the soul, once to become as prevalent among the ladies of this country, as they have been for some time among the female citizens of a neighbouring people, there would want little else, at this alarming crisis, than that universal depravation, which such a circumstance would certainly, and quickly, produce, to shake the constitution and government of Great Britain to their very foundations; and to render the most enlightened and prosperous of all nations, an enemy to herself, and an auxiliary in completely demolishing the fair fabric of civil society in Europe. Farewell, then, to all that is great in human conduct; to every thing that is good, or honest, or liberal, or lovely, or becoming; or even characteristic of civilized man. Farewell to all, except our form, our habiliments, the faculty of speech, and power of mischief, that can preserve any prominent mark of distinction betwixt man, and beast.' P. x.

Disarmed

Disarmed thus by the good intentions of the translator, and his respectful homage to the fair sex, we can, in examining this work, be little inclined to use the severity of criticism. It is divided into three parts:—in the first are given the original poem and the translation, the English being on one page and the corresponding Latin on the opposite. This part is followed by a commentary;—and the third part contains annotations on the poem.

The translation is in blank verse; and, the shackles of rhyme being removed, we conceive that greater attention ought to have been paid to make the translation conformable to the original. But so far from this, it might almost be called a commentary on the original: it is very diffuse and lax; and if the thoughts of the Latin poet are indeed given in general, they are hid in the quantity of adscititious matter, by no means increasing the strength or beauty of the poem. Translation is conceived by many persons to be a very easy task: and it may be so when nothing more is required than to present the sentiments of an author to the public: but, if much depends on the language in which these sentiments are given,—if the thoughts in themselves are not new,—and if the subject has been frequently treated by other writers,—we are naturally desirous to be acquainted with the peculiar force and beauty of the original; and then translation, so far from being that easy task, is one of the most difficult in polite literature. Our translator is by no means sufficiently sensible of this truth, and the necessity of adhering as closely as possible to his original: he looks at the Latin indeed, observes the sentiment,—but whether it should be expanded through three times the quantity of verse in his translation or not, is to him matter of unconcern. Surely this ought not to be allowed: the ladies have reason to complain; and, if any of their acquaintance should translate a few pages of the Latin to them literally, they might say to Mr. Lettice, ‘You promised us the translation of a Latin poem; instead of which, we find indeed the thoughts of that poem; but they are like a fine figure in a birth-day suit, lost in the richness and incumbrance of their dress.’

We shall point out a few instances of this lax mode of translation. In speaking of the powers of the mind to retain its thoughts, the Latin poet naturally inquires—

‘Unde tot apto

Ordine disponit, mox et depromit in usus?’

which is thus translated—

‘Whence

That order fit, in which, arrang’d for use,  
And prompt obedience, at Volition’s call,  
They lie?’

Eloquence,

Eloquence, which in the original—

‘Tonitruque et fulgura miscet,’

in the translation, is

‘Language, that emulates the thunder’s sound,  
Or with the lightning’s liquid force pervades  
The thrilling sense.’

The things of this world

‘Non expleant animum, varia et magis ampla petentem :’

but, in the translation,

‘What befalls us here,  
Fails man’s capacious intellect to fill,  
Ceaseless which seeks the new, the strange, the great.’

Our ignorance of life in the womb is simply expressed in the original :

‘Scisne istam matris in alvo  
Vitam, qualis erat?’—

in the translation, the thought swells out, and new ideas are introduced—

‘Can’st thou discover, what man’s embryo state;  
What, ’twixt conception and the hour of birth,  
His dark existence mark’d?’

The sage is happy, who, after contemplating this life—

‘Protinus unde abiit, satur ut conviva, remigrat.’

in the translation—

‘And risen,  
A fated guest, hath bid the world adieu,  
His long and everlasting home to seek.’

in which the translator, filled with the thought of a future abode, has forgotten the intimation of a pre-existent state.

If there were not a future state, the poet tells us simply,

‘Vellem migrare repente  
Hinc.’

his translator can dwell upon the thought, and exclaims,

‘No warmer wish were mine,  
Than hence on hasty wing to speed my flight  
Tow’rd that dark region’—

where all—

‘In æterna sopiti nocte quiescent.’



‘Life’s toilsome drama o’er,  
Must pass, to slumber in eternal night.’

Every enjoyment of this life could not induce the poet to stay amongst us—

‘Non tantâ mercede isthac, dignarer eandem  
Ire viam toties, et eodem volvier orbe.’

and the translator is less fond of our employments—

‘By these allurements still unmov’d,  
The same dull tract unceasing to repeat,  
Or wheel in one re-iterated orb,  
My wearied spirit would refuse.’

‘Ad victum ubi cuncta supersunt’

becomes in the translation—

‘While Nature, all beneficent, her store  
Profusely spreads.’

‘Expedi esse malis, dominum qui ferre superbum  
Coguntur—’

is expanded into a double space—

‘’T were better then  
That they give preference to vice, whose fate  
To some imperious tyrant’s service binds  
Their pitiable lot.’

‘Ambitiove potentum’

is—

‘Potent rivalry’s ambitious league.’

‘Vivitur an melius privatim?—’

is translated—

‘Glides then the noiseless stream of private life  
A smoother course?’

‘Roseisque latens malus anguis in hortis’

is not sufficiently beautiful, but it must be made—

‘The serpent hence  
Within the fragrant rose’s gay parterre  
Insidious lurks.’—

We might select instances without end, in which the translator indulges his genius, little solicitous about his original: but lest the work should suffer too much by the comparison of detached passages with the Latin, we shall give a larger extract, from which the reader will be able to form a better idea of

of the genius and style of the translator.—In the first book the powers of invention are thus described—

‘*Illa etiam inventrix, varias quæ protulit artes,  
Suppeditans vitæ decus et tutamen egenæ;  
Nomina quæ imposuit rebus, vocemque ligavit  
Literulis; aut quæ degentes more ferarum,  
Dispersosque homines deduxit in oppida; quæve  
Legibus edomuit, sædusque coegit in unum;  
Quænam isthæc nisi vis diviniore, ætheriusque  
Sensus, et afflatu cœlesti concita virtus?  
Jam quorum undanti eloquium fluit amne, rapitque  
Quò velit affectus, tonitruque et fulgura miscet;  
Divitias trahit unde suas? Vigor igneus ille  
Num mortale sonat? Quid censes carmina vatum?  
Sive etenim flexu numerorum vique canora,  
Oblectet varia dulcedine lapsus ad aures;  
Seu, speciosa canes rerum miracula, fictis  
Ludat imaginibus, peragretque per intima cordis;  
Nil parvum spirat, nil non sublime poeta.  
Cumque super terris quæ fiunt, quæque tuemur  
Omnia, curriculo volventia semper eodem,  
Non explent animum, varia et magis ampla petentem;  
Sanctus adest vates, per quem sublimior ordo,  
Pulcrior et species, et mentis idonea votis  
Exoritur, vitæ spes anguriumque futuræ.’*

‘*Inventive mind, source of the various arts,  
Defence and ornament to savage life  
Supplied; to every object gave its name:  
United sounds to letters; men, dispers’d  
And wand’ring like the brutes, from woods and wilds  
She call’d; in cities taught them how to live,  
Their wills to law subdu’d, binding them close  
In social compact. Say, now, what is this  
But some diviner power, ethereal sense  
And virtue heav’n-inspir’d? Say, whence, O Muse!  
Th’ o’erflowing stream of eloquence, at will  
That bears each passion in its torrent course;  
Language, that emulates the thunder’s sound,  
Or with the lightning’s liquid force pervades  
The thrilling sense. Tell, whence the poet’s song,  
Led through the flexile maze of numbers sweet  
And magic sounds, so captivates the ear?  
When nature’s wondrous beauties are his theme,  
Whence that gay store of imag’ry, so wrought  
By fiction’s power, to fascinate the heart?*

Naught,

Naught, groveling, mean, and nothing not sublime  
Breaths the poetic art. When what befalls  
This sublunary world, when all we see  
Revolving ever, round and round, the same,  
Fails man's capacious intellect to fill,  
Ceaseless which seeks the new, the strange, the great,  
The bard to rapture wakes the sacred shell,  
And lo! a new creation starts to light,  
New order, more sublime, and lovelier forms  
Meet the warm wishes of th' aspirant mind,  
Presaging immortality.' P. 10.

In the second book is a melancholy description indeed of human life, on which poets are much apter to dwell than true philosophers.

' Cætera pars hominum ferimur jactante procella,  
Ut ratis, huc illuc; et per diversa viarum  
Conatu ingenti fugientem prendimus umbram.  
Ac veluti infantes pueri crepitacula poscunt  
Ardenti studio, mox parta relinquere gaudent;  
Sic etiam in plenis homines pueraſcimus annis.  
At bene perſuaſum cui ſit, non eſſe ſupremam  
Hanc animi vitam, reſtare ſed altera fata,  
Salva illi res eſt, neque ſpe lactatur inani.  
Quippe ubi mens hominis purum ſimplexque requirat  
Irrequieta bonum, non ſperat forte potiri  
Jam nunc felici: quid enim? nunc, vivimus omnes  
Pravum ubi comiſtum recto eſt; ubi triſtia lætis;  
Ipsa ubi delirans inhiat ſapientia rugas;  
Atque in odoratis florēt aconita roſetis:  
Omnia miſta quidem, fluxa omnia, ludicra demum  
Omnia, nec votis eſt quod reſpondeat uſquam.  
Forſan et ipſe Deus, divinum exquirere ſi fas  
Conſilium, ſic res attemperat, uſque ſecundis  
Adverſas miſcens, et amaris dulcia condit;  
Spernere ut hinc diſcat terreſtria mens, et amicis  
Caſtigata malis, cælo ſpem ponat in uno,  
Quo domus et patria eſt, requies ubi ſola laborum.'

' Like mariners the common herd are toſs'd,  
The ſport of every wind; each his own voyage  
Pursues; eluſive ſhadows, never caught,  
All ſtrain alike to graſp; all eager ſeek,  
Like infants, toys and baubles, thrown away  
Ere well attain'd: yet, more diſgraceful! man,  
In years mature, ſtill froward, plays the child.  
But whoſoe'er, to firm perſuaſion wrought,

*Deems*

Deems not this little span of human life,  
 The soul's whole being, nor her destiny  
 Completed here, owns treasure yet untouch'd :  
 Nor fail his hopes, delusive all, and vain :  
 For since man's restless spirit good, unmix'd  
 And pure, demands, attainable such bliss  
 E'en hope, in this dark sojourn, ne'er believ'd.  
 What is this mortal state? A life to all  
 Of good with evil mingled, gay with sad;  
 Where wisdom's self, her eye on trifles bent,  
 Insanely doats; where deadly aconite  
 Poisons the rose's aromatic breath;  
 Confusion, sport, and fluctuation all!  
 Where disappointment ever mocks our vows.  
 The Deity, perchance, if man may dare  
 His counsels scrutinize, our system thus  
 Arrang'd; with bitter ever tempering sweet,  
 Gentler with adverse fate, that hence the mind  
 By friendly ills chastiz'd, and school'd this scene  
 Of idle vanity to scorn, in heav'n  
 Might treasure all her hope; in heav'n alone,  
 Her home, her country of eternal rest.' P. 100.

Here the translator has marred in a great measure the beauty of the original, by referring the delusions of life only to the common herd of mankind, as if some peculiar spirits, like the poet's, were exempt from the common lot of humanity. But the poet by no means claims or hints at this exception: on the contrary, he includes himself amongst those who are tossed by wayward fancy, and, like children, are ever querulous for their rattles—

' *Cætera pars hominum ferimur jactante procella,  
 Ut ratis, huc illuc.* —————

————— *fugientem prendimus umbram.*

————— *in plenis homines puerascimus annis.'*

From these specimens we may pronounce, that much of the midnight oil has not been wasted upon the versification: it is throughout passable; but we could have wished that, in general, a greater polish had been given to it, and in many places care had been taken that the images should not be incorrect. Thus we are told in one place, that

' The whole long train of causes falls in view;  
 The chain's first link fix'd to th' Almighty's throne.'

If the first link is fixed, we suspect very much that the whole chain cannot be said to fall in view.

There



There is a great inattention also to separate words, as *I ween*,—*dazzling sheen*,—*mendacious*,—*incarnate*, as applied to a bone, when it has long acquired a peculiar sense from its use in theology,—*inhume*,—*natheless*—*microcosm*, where little world suits the verse just as well,—*forum*, when in the same verse we have *forum* and *peopled inn*,—*protends*,—*doffing* these mortal spoils; for we must remind our translator, that he sets out with a determination of being peculiarly agreeable to the fair sex, and he ought not to give them the trouble of searching through a dictionary for the meaning of a word, when he might easily have saved them this labour, and joined to a greater perspicuity more harmony of versification.

At times we find some difficulty in making out the translator's meaning: thus he tells us the studious sage knows,

———— ‘What laws  
The comet's flaming voyage through th' inane  
Of space immeasurable bear.’

We bear a voyage very ill, and every one understands the meaning of the expression, though we should not specify all the causes which contribute to our uneasiness; but how laws can bear the voyage of a comet, we do not understand.

The original author tells us, he does not doubt of the divine interference in human affairs:—the translator makes him say, ‘I never doubted yet,’ as if his future faith seemed very problematical. The poet celebrates the praises of Hough, a bishop of Worcester:—the translator tells us,

‘Such was the sage whose ever-honor'd name  
Fond I recal:’

but we learn only, that he is talking of an old prelate of Worcester, whose name, though *recalled*, does not appear in the translation.

But it is time to quit this poem, on which indeed we should not have dwelt so long, if the syndics of the press of Cambridge had not given their approbation to this work, and assisted the publication of it by the funds dedicated to literature. On this ground we were compelled to examine its pretensions to such a distinction, and must with pain confess, that it hardly seemed entitled to such notice.

The Commentary was scarcely necessary for such a poem; and for the Annotations the translator's common-place-book has been well rummaged: yet we were astonished to see, that a divine of the church of England, and one of no small reputation in the university, should quote St. Jerome from a French translation. Such a thing has a bad appearance, and may lead people to suspect that the learned quotations, with which this  
part

part of the work abounds, are not derived from the petulancy of the ancient authors.

Upon the whole, we recommend to the translator to revise his work, to adhere more closely to his original, to pay more attention to his language: and then, by publishing it without the Latin, without the Commentary, and without the Annotations, he may make it a valuable present to the ladies, for whose improvement we do not doubt of his solicitude: and we heartily wish that thus the author and his works may be crowned with the approbation, not only of the fair, but of every English reader.

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*A Short Account of the late Revolution in Geneva; and of the Conduct of France towards that Republic, from October 1792, to October 1794. In a Series of Letters to an American, by Francis D'Ivernois, Esq. Translated and enlarged from Tableau de la Revolution Française à Genève. 8vo. 1s. sewed. Elmsley. 1795.*

**T**HOUGH the little republic of Geneva values itself upon its independence, it is too small to enable it to be an unconcerned spectator of the revolutions of its more powerful neighbours. It is more particularly connected with France;—and as it has always two contending parties within itself ready to seize the opportunity of strengthening the aristocratic or the democratic part of the constitution as occasion may offer,—it cannot be wondered at if that state has followed, like an humble satellite, the various revolutions and aberrations of the larger planet.

Those who know any thing of the history of Geneva, know that in 1782, by the means of French troops, the popular party was brought under, and a government established completely aristocratical. In 1789, the French barometer standing at liberty, an extension of liberty also took place at Geneva; but it was not till 1791 that a real popular government was formed which satisfied the wishes of the greater part of the inhabitants,—of all indeed who were not for absolute equality of rights. But equality being the next doctrine promulgated in France, the missionary, Genêt, so well known afterwards in America,—and, after him, Soulavie,—were sent in the character of French residents, to spread the same doctrine in Geneva. One great cause of discontent among the Genevois was the distinction made between *citizens* and *natives*. By the latter are meant the descendents of foreigners; these under the aristocratic regimen were excluded from voting, for which there was this plea,—that Geneva was exposed from its situation to such an influx of foreigners, often of the lowest

lowest class, that it seemed unreasonable the state should be obliged to give them more than protection, or to expose their laws and constitution to be continually changed by a heterogeneous mixture of people from different countries. This matter, however, had been so far compromised, that any inhabitant born at Geneva might become a member of the general assembly on paying a fine of about six guineas; but universal suffrage having been obtained in France under the Brissotin party, another revolution to the same purpose took place in Geneva in 1792, and their government was new modelled accordingly. The doctrine of equality of property, and governing by the system of terror, next succeeded; and Geneva, whose changes had been hitherto without bloodshed, was destined to taste of the sanguinary despotism established under the reign of Robespierre. One Bouquet, who had been in France, and deeply imbibed the principles of the Jacobins, was at the head of this new plot, and was followed by a few hundreds of the lowest of the people. In the night of the 18th of July, 1794, they ran to arms, seized the artillery of the town, entered the houses of the citizens, and disarmed those whom they feared,—set their seals on what they did not carry off,—imprisoned numbers of the citizens, and called themselves a *revolutionary nation*.

‘ The constitutional government was then formally suspended, and the whole executive and legislative power of the state committed to a provisional revolutionary tribunal, of which Bouquet was of course made president. The number of persons who were taken into custody, increased every hour; and by the industry of Soulavie, who had given orders in all the neighbouring French districts, that such of the inhabitants of Geneva as retired to any of them should be obliged to return, it soon amounted to near 600 persons; among whom were most of the magistrates who had been deposed from their offices in 1792, many of the professors, and almost the whole of the clergy, a body of men who did honour to their country and to human nature, by their talents, their knowledge, their mild and tolerant spirit, and the spotless purity of their lives. And lest any of them should escape, some of the most furious and sanguinary of the revolutionists pursued them, even into the churches, which, in spite of the threats they heard on all sides, of being treated as the priests had been treated in Paris on the 2d of September, those venerable men had entered, for the purpose of imploring the mercy of heaven upon their distracted country.

‘ In the midst, however, of these shocking scenes, some few circumstances shewed, that the native character of the Genevese was not to be depraved but by degrees. Some of the revolutionists could not refrain from tears, when they were ordered to be the goalers of their countrymen, and, in more than one instance, declared, that

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they envied their situation, and, if possible, would gladly exchange with them. But these, as well as many other expressions of regret and remorse, were of little avail to the unhappy victims, whose adversaries were too watchful to leave them any means either of escape or resistance. One generous effort, indeed, was made by the women of Geneva (for the experiment was too hazardous for men to engage in), who, to the number of two thousand, went, in a body, to the revolutionary tribunal, to intercede for them; but their tears and entreaties had no other effect, than that of exposing them to the brutal ridicule of the judges, who ordered the fire-engines to be got ready, in order to administer what they profanely called, the rites of civic baptism.

\* This feeble obstacle being removed, the tribunal eagerly entered upon the discharge of its functions, and ordered eight of the prisoners to be brought up to trial, in which number, express directions were given to include the ex-syndic, Cayla, who had distinguished himself by the intrepid spirit with which he had opposed the former revolution, and the ex-attorney-general, Prevost, whose principal offence was, that he had taken a part in the negociation with general Montesquieu.

\* The tribunal sat in the town hall: the judges took their places with the sleeves of their shirts tucked up, like butchers, their legs and breasts naked, sabres at their sides, pistols in their girdles, and bottles and glasses on the table. Some of the judges could not support a sight so truly diabolical; two were taken out in a sort of fainting fit, and four others permitted to retire. The rest kept their places, and proceeded to the discharge of their functions, in the midst of drunkenness, low witticisms, and indecent buffoonery.

\* Although there was no direct charge against these respectable men, nor the slightest evidence produced of any plan of a counter-revolution, which had been the pretext for taking arms, nor any question asked, in any degree relative to it, yet the trial of the eight lasted till the next morning (the 26th of July); and on opening the ballot-boxes, in which the opinions of the judges were collected, it was found, that only two were capitally convicted.

\* When this circumstance was known, the Marseillaise and Mountaineers, impatient for blood, surrounded the tribunal, with threats of vengeance against the perfidious judges, who had acted so inconsistently with their former professions, and proposed to make an immediate massacre of all the prisoners. The judges affected to be alarmed, and the next day returned to the bench, and, amidst the clamours and howlings of the galleries, gave their opinions, not by ballot, as before, but openly; the consequence of which was, that seven of the eight were condemned to die, by the very men who, but the day before, had acquitted six of them; and who, on both occasions, called the Almighty to witness the purity with which they gave their sentence.

\* The



‘The revolutionary nation, to whom an appeal was reserved, immediately assembled, in arms, to consider the sentence of the seven persons condemned; and though, under pretence of purifying the assembly, the leaders of the revolution had carefully excluded from it, all whom they suspected, either of integrity, or humanity, there was still a decided majority for sparing the lives of Cayla, Prevost, and de Rochemont.

‘This third decision, so different from what they expected, increased the rage of the brutal Janisaries of the revolution. They reviled it as the consequence of aristocratical influence, and aristocratical principles, and refused to consider it as binding.—They vented their execrations and menaces indiscriminately, and actually attempted to destroy two or three of their own party, who called upon the by-standers to support the sovereignty of the people, and not suffer it to be insulted with impunity. Nor was this all: they sent armed deputies to the tribunal, to complain that false patriots had artfully mixed themselves, on this occasion, with the real lovers of their country, and disappointed their hopes; to insist that the sentence of the three aristocrats, who had been acquitted, should be annulled, and to declare, that, if this request was refused or delayed, they would repair to the prison, and do themselves justice.

‘The number of those who held this language was considerable, and their menaces frightful. They were all provided with arms and ammunition; it was night, and those who disapproved of their measures, were either too much terrified to oppose them, or too disunited and distrustful of each other to attempt it. These circumstances were abundantly sufficient in the opinion of the revolutionary tribunal, to justify them in assuming a new jurisdiction, and reversing the sentence passed by the people at large; and they instantly delivered up the seven prisoners to the executioners who came to demand them.

‘These illustrious victims died in a manner, worthy of the cause, in which they suffered, and with all the dignity which religion, innocence, and virtue, can give. They refused to have their eyes covered; and their murderers, instead of dispatching them all at the same shot, were careful to make a second necessary. Cayla was the only one who spoke; ‘I should die with pleasure, said he, could I hope that my death would restore peace and liberty to my unhappy country.’ The executioners tore in pieces a written paper, which De Rochemont, a young advocate of the most promising hopes, entreated them to deliver, after his death, to his family.—But Prevost contrived to drop a letter which he had written with a pencil, and which exhibits a striking picture of the calm heroism, and amiable tenderness of his disposition.—‘No man, said he, loses so much in dying, as I do. I return my most grateful thanks to my dear wife, for all the happiness, for which I have been indebted to her; and I entreat her never to forget, that her husband dies in the most honourable of

causes; and, in spite of the delusion which occasions his untimely end, will be esteemed and regretted by all good men.—My dear mother, how little is the satisfaction you ever received from me, compared with the sorrow which has overtaken your venerable old age! Weep for your son; but let it comfort you to recollect, that he always walked in the paths of honour. Honour had always guided him, and will guide him, to the last moment of his life.—And let not my unhappy fate, my dear son, deter you from following my example. Let strict integrity, and an invincible attachment to your country, be the rules of your life, though your father's adherence to them has shortened his days. But let me conjure you, never to engage in public affairs," &c. P. 24.

The party which was now uppermost, next proceeded to lower the interest of money, and to annul all leases:—

‘ They also renewed their domiciliary visits, and left no more than twelve ounces of plate to any individual; and because the French had confiscated the property of such of their own emigrants, as had borne arms against the new republic, these faithful imitators summoned most of the Genevans, who happened to be absent, when the late tragic scenes were acted, to return immediately, under the same penalty, and ordered all persons whose fortunes exceeded 20,000 livres, to give in an account of them within a week, in order that they might be assessed in proportion to their property and to their patriotism: and, to crown the whole, they assigned several churches as places of meeting for the different clubs; they reduced the usual divine service to a very small number of offices, and permitted the ceremony of marriage, and the administration of the sacrament of baptism, to be performed by the civil magistrate.

‘ The revolutionary tribunal having thus prepared the way for new enterprises, and made a satisfactory trial of the obedience of its subjects, by threatening all, who presumed to express the slightest disapprobation of its measures, with what is called a revolutionary punishment, resumed the proceedings, which it had suspended, only until it could satisfy itself, whether the nation was sufficiently accustomed to the sight of blood, to bear the further effusion of it. After banishing some soldiers of the garrison, who had generously refused to act as executioners on the late occasion, it selected four other victims, three of whom had been magistrates.

‘ One of them, named Naville Gallatin, was a man of great talents, and defended himself with such eloquence and strength of argument, that one of his judges, in giving sentence against him, said,—‘ I have two consciences; one of which tells me you are innocent; but the other tells me, you must die, that the state may be saved.’—‘ When I die, answered the undaunted magistrate, the state will lose a great citizen.’ The expression is bold, but perfectly characterises his elevated and undaunted spirit.

“ And now, continued he, when ſentence of death was paſſed on him, now mark the fate which awaits you and your accomplices; for you muſt not hope that guilt like yours, can go unpuniſhed. You will find that all the ties of ſocial order, which you have broken to attain your ends, will again be broken by thoſe, who ſucceed you in your crimes, and in your power: new factions will be formed againſt you, out of your own; and as you have united, like wild beaſts, in purſuing your prey, ſo, like wild beaſts, you will tear each other to pieces, in dividing it. Thus will you avenge the cauſe of thoſe, who have fallen, and are yet to fall ſacrifices, to your avarice and ambition. To them, as well as to me, the proſpect of approaching immortality robs death of all its terrors; but to you the laſt moments of life will be embittered by reflections, more poignant than any tortures you can ſuffer. The innocent blood you have ſhed will be heard againſt you, and you will die without daring to implore the pardon of heaven.” P. 33.

This ſpirited and popular magiſtrate was diſpatched in the night; many ſaved themſelves by preſents to their judges. One of theſe infamous judges, who had ſuddenly become favourable to a priſoner againſt whom the populace were much irritated, gravely made them the following ſtrange ſpeech:—‘ If God had told me this morning, ‘ thou wilt ſpare that ariſtocrat, I ſhould have answered, God, thou lieſt;’ and yet, from his defence, I find myſelf obliged to acquit him.’—The tribunal ſat a fortnight, during which they tried and pronounced ſentence on 508 priſoners; of whom, however, eleven only ſuffered death.

Thus did the executions in the little territory of Geneva follow, in their meaſure and degree, the wider ſlaughter which, under the reign of Robeſpierre, diſgraced and depopulated France,—though, comparatively,

‘ They ſerved but as ſmall tapers, to attend  
The ſolemn flame of that great funeral.’

This account is acknowledged to be authentic as to facts, though the author’s views of the ſubject may often differ from thoſe of a zealous republican.

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*The Grammatical Art improved: in which the Errors of Gram-  
marians and Lexicographers are expoſed; Twelve Tenses are  
explained; and, for the Exerciſe of Learners, ſuch an Ap-  
pendix is added, as contains an Explanation of many Parti-  
culars needful to be known. By the Rev. Richard Poſtle-  
thwaite, Rector of Newendon, in Eſſex. 12mo. 3s. bound.  
Parſons. 1795.*

**T**HAT the grammatical art is ſuſceptible, and ſtands in need of great improvement, every one muſt be ſenſible, who in the early part of his education has felt the ſeverity of that

discipline which is so frequently exercised on youth, for not comprehending and retaining in memory those rules which the master himself does not understand. But before we are to be told that the grammatical art has been improved by any one, let the author duly weigh in his own mind, what it is his intention to teach,—whether the grammar of a particular language, or those general principles on which the structure of language depends,—that is, the science which now goes under the name of universal grammar. If it is his intention to teach the grammar of any particular language, it is his duty to attend carefully to the genius of that language, and not to confound its principles with those of any other language. He must take care also, that his rules should be plain, simple, and clear,—his arrangement good,—and all terms derived from other languages, if possible, should be avoided. In every one of these respects the writer before us seems to have offended: his principles are not taken from the genius of the English but the Latin language; and, like too many other writers on this subject, he seems to have but little acquaintance with any of the modern or the oriental languages. If it is the author's intention to give the principles of universal grammar, he should consider that he has undertaken a very arduous task: for before he decides on the necessity of any general principle, he must make diligent researches into the structure of ancient and modern languages, lest he should, with the once celebrated author of *Hermes*, now sinking into merited oblivion, establish a theory to be overthrown by the breath of the first lad who happens to have travelled abroad, and to have studied those modern languages, which the author, unfortunately for himself, conceived to be unworthy of his researches. From what we have already said, it will be presumed that the work before us is little calculated to extend our knowledge of universal grammar.

In the arrangement of this work, little attention seems to have been paid to the class of learners for whom the author professes to have the greatest regard. On this subject a simple order might be laid down, — first, to treat on the sounds in any language, whether simple or compound,—then on words, and the divisions under which they may be classed,—thirdly, on sentences or the structure of the language,—and lastly, on the measure or harmony of language, either in poetry or prose. To make each part as clear as possible, the many exceptions to any general principle might be reserved till the learner had gained a competent knowledge of the whole subject. We might here point out several faults under each of these heads; but we shall content ourselves with observing, that nothing can be more absurd than to lay down general rules for capitals,

or



or great letters, before the learner has been taught the distinction of words into several classes; the explanation of common abbreviations should have been reserved to the end of the work, or the attention of the learner will be diverted too soon from his main purpose: it is childish to lay down rules for addressing persons in different ranks of life, when the learner is not supposed able to write a letter; and to lay down rules for punctuation, which depends entirely on the structure of sentences, before this structure has been considered, is absolutely preposterous. We cannot therefore commend our author in this part of his work; and as he has thus offended at the threshold, we have little expectation of being much better pleased in our farther progress.

The greatest error in pronunciation made by our author is on the sound of *ng*, which in our language is particularly musical; but we are told that 'good orators seldom pronounce the *g* in *ing*, but say *lovin* instead of *loving*.' We will take upon ourselves to say, that they are bad orators, who thus destroy the harmony of our language, which is not of so musical a texture that we can afford to give up any of the sounds which might rescue us from the charge of speaking a rough and uncouth language. The fact is, that the sound *ng* is not made up of two sounds, *n* and *g*, any more than *th* of the two sounds, *t* and *h*; and it would be better, if we had a peculiar mark for the sound *ng*, as the Saxons had for that of *th*. The rule on capitals in writing is now no longer followed, either in writing or printing, and the beauty of the page is better preserved by the breach of it. 'All nouns, we are told, and every adjective that implies a name, or stands as a noun, should always begin with a capital, as *Persons, Places, the Righteous, the Just, &c.*'

The author gives us nine parts of speech, four cases, twelve tenses, nine species of adverbs, with their subdivisions, and fortunately thinks it needless to subdivide his two classes of conjunctions into all of a subordinate kind, which they are capable of receiving. A little attention to definition would have here saved him a great deal of trouble; and if he does not confine his meaning of case to the change of termination, we see no propriety in his adopting but four cases; and if we are to depend on termination, which seems to be the properest mode, we cannot allow to the English language more than two cases. We need only give his specimen of an English verb according to its tenses, to shew how well calculated this grammar is for the ease of the learner.

## ‘An ARRANGEMENT of the TENSES.

- |   |                    |
|---|--------------------|
| 1. The <i>Definite Present</i> , I (now) love, or am loving.        | } Incom-<br>plete. |
| 2. The <i>Aoristical Present</i> , “A Friend loveth at all Times.”  |                    |
| 3. The <i>Preterimperfect</i> , I was (then) loving.                |                    |
| 4. The <i>Definite Preterperfect</i> , I (then) loved, or did love. | } Complete.        |
| 5. The <i>Aoristical Preterperfect</i> , I loved, or did love.      |                    |
| 6. The <i>Present Perfect</i> , I have (now) loved.                 |                    |
| 7. The <i>Preterpluperfect</i> , I had (then) loved.                | } Incom-<br>plete. |
| 8. The <i>Future Imperfect</i> , I shall, or will (then) be loving. |                    |
| 9. The <i>Aoristical Future</i> , I shall, or will, love.           |                    |
| 10. The <i>Future Perfect</i> , I shall, or will (then) have loved. | } Com-<br>plete.   |
| 11. The <i>Paulo-ante-Futurum</i> , I am about to love.             |                    |
| 12. The <i>Præteritum-cum-Futuro</i> , I was about to love.         |                    |

P. 99.

Thus, by a mixture of Greek and Latin words, a plain subject is continually confounded. We must beg the writer to attend to the tenses in different languages, and to observe with what art each nation is capable of expressing the same idea, though its tenses may be different from those of any other people. We shall recommend to him a very easy instance in the comparison of the English and Hebrew languages,—the former having only a present and a perfect, the latter only a perfect and a future: yet these nations are capable of expressing the same thoughts; and if the translators of our Bible had understood the difference of idiom, many errors into which they have fallen would have been avoided.

On adverbs we have equal confusion; thus *wisely, nightly, coldly, roundly*, and many others of the same kind, are referred to different heads, from the author's not knowing the meaning of the termination *ly*. But it is time to put an end to this review, which our readers may already have thought too long,—and, instead of proceeding to point out the other errors with which this work abounds, content ourselves with recommending to our author, to study more attentively the languages with which the English has the greatest affinity, and to indulge himself less in the use of superfluous terms, derived from the Latin and the Greek.

Sermons,

*Sermons, on various Subjects. By John Bidlake, B. A. Chaplain to his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence, and Master of the Grammar School, Plymouth. 8vo. 5s. Boards. Chapman. 1795.*

**I**N the preface to these Sermons, there is, after some commonplace observations on publication, an intimation to the reader, of what he is not to expect to find in this volume; and the account is so justly drawn up, that we shall not scruple to transcribe it here, both for the sake of the discourses, and as a useful lesson to the teachers of religion.

The author ‘flatters himself, then, that his sentiments are not illiberal, and his doctrines not arrogant. He has not dwelt on speculative subjects. He sincerely venerates the Gospel, admires the purity, the sublimity of its principles, and its universal charity. Satisfied with his own faith, he disclaims bigotry, and respects the sentiments of every honest mind, of whatever denomination. If, therefore, from these Sermons none should receive pleasure, it is to be presumed none can take offence; and if they obtain no notice, they can only return to the obscurity from which they emerge. But should one humble disposition gain instruction, one wavering temper be confirmed, one devout character be lighted into fervour, or one unsuspicious youth, in this too careless and fluctuating age, be preserved from a course of impiety by the perusal of this volume, the author will receive the highest satisfaction; and it is to be hoped, without transgressing a becoming modesty, may congratulate himself, that his labour has not been in vain.’ P. v.

We joyfully bear testimony to our author’s sincere veneration for the gospel, and to his desire of diffusing most widely that spirit of benevolence which is its principal characteristic. Indeed this is the grand and prevailing topic of these discourses: and were every pulpit in the kingdom to resound with similar sentiments, the fanaticism, which occasioned such desolation some years ago in the metropolis, and lately disgraced our country in Birmingham, must retire to more barbarous regions, and every English heart would be animated with the desire of promoting his neighbour’s spiritual welfare, by lenitives derived from the gospel, not by the fury of a mob, or the misconceptions of party. We shall make a few extracts to shew this excellent disposition of our preacher, and as good subjects of reflection to every Christian reader. In a sermon on Sunday schools, charity is thus described.

‘Charity, according to the enlarged and comprehensive principles of Christianity, includes all the race of mankind, however separated from us by laws or customs, by religion or politics. It does not divide us from the rest of the world, like the Jewish faith, with  
confined

confined distinctions, with supercilious prejudices, or imagined superiority; nor bid us, like the precepts of the pretended prophet of Arabia, pursue the unbeliever, with all the fury of enraged and bigoted enthusiasm, or sheath the sword in the bosom, which we should rather teach to throb with the joyful tidings of peace. It seeks no empire over the minds of men, but that of righteousness and love. It bids us bind up the wounds of the unfortunate stranger, or the perverse infidel; and gain over the hearts of unbelievers, by all the graces of gentleness and mild persuasion. It has gone beyond every system of ethics, which philosophy could invent, or the unenlightened dictates of humanity inspire. It teaches us, that no enmity is to rob mankind of our affection, that we are to subdue no foes, but by the influence of forgiveness and love.

‘The only distinction, which the Christian religion teaches us, is the preference of virtue to vice. We are to love the good, and to pity the wicked. But whilst we are to embrace the righteous with a cordial affection, we must still be the friends of sinners; we must endeavour to reclaim them with winning mildness, and stretch the friendly arm, lest they sink into the abyss of sin, or the waves of everlasting death should overwhelm them.’ P. 40.

The contrast between the true Christian and the ancient heathen is well drawn; and it is to be lamented that in modern times the theory and practice do not always accord with this description.

‘Their ideas of friendship, however exalted, are highly extravagant. Confined to one narrow channel, their affections could not dilate into a universal love of mankind. Narrow distinctions, and supercilious prejudices, contracted their benevolence. The Christian historians have left us some examples of private friendship, but no precepts. The object of our faith is more grand and comprehensive: it embraces all the race of man, unites them by the reciprocal ties of good-will, and swallows all the little distinction of nation or sect, and by its endearing precepts renders each man to each the brother and the friend. It is a plan of benevolence, which stretches through all the different ranks of life, which includes all the various descriptions of mankind, of nation; of sect, of enemy as well as friend, which reaches through every climate, which is not lessened by distance, nor interrupted by the great barriers of nature, deserts, mountains, or oceans.

‘And this is one most admirable effect of the Christian religion, that it softens the ruggedness of nature, cherishes all the social affections, and warms them into active life. Insensibility, under its genial influence, like the hard rock struck by the hand of Moses, grows warm, and diffuses the copious streams of benevolence to all the thirsty flock of God.’ P. 116.

The exhortations of our preacher cannot be too often repeated :



peated : and whether our readers exult in the character of orthodox believers, or are stigmatised by the denomination of heretics, they will do well to examine their own hearts, and imbibe the sentiments, which are here so strenuously and so justly inculcated.

‘ Cherish therefore all social affections ; banish all weak prejudices ; learn to love men, however they may differ from you in sentiments of religion, or be divided by politics. Never detest or despise others, because they may be of different sects, and dissent from your own opinions ; for he who hates another, because he is of a contrary persuasion, is not influenced by a true love of God, and is guilty of great error ; for in cases where all may, in some respects, be wrong, every one may be allowed to judge for himself : he therefore is negligent of his duty to God, who is inflamed by any temporary madness of party in religion or politics. Allow for the frailties and weaknesses of the world, and consider the whole race of your fellow-creatures as the children of the Almighty, and all the professors of the Gospel as *heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ*. Let the day begin with thankfulness, with prayer, and praise. With such solemn acts let it always end ; but let the intermediate space be occupied in the duties of life, in securing your own salvation, and in the promotion of the welfare of mankind. This is the true expression of gratitude to God ; and in this you give glory to him, and pursue, at the same time, the dearest interests which self-love can dictate.’ P. 212.

At a time when philosophy is so much extolled, and the professors even of religion are apt to be lukewarm, and to delight more in cold speculation than the active spirit with which Christianity is animated, the following comparison between philosophy and true religion may be read with improvement by the advocates for either system.

‘ Philosophy was in its nature mild ; so is Christianity : but the virtues of the one are rather of a passive nature ; those of the other, active. Philosophy instructed men in the tranquil, or more busy ways of virtue ; so does the Christian religion : but their objects are different. Philosophy chiefly confined its views to the present life : religion has a more exalted and sublime source of action. The former considers virtue principally as conducing to the happiness of temporal life ; the latter looks into the whole of existence, and makes man consider himself as calculated to perform all the ends, and improve in all the powers of reason, throughout all the boundless extent of eternity. Philosophy was cold in the propagation of its precepts ; while the teachers of Christianity have been inflamed with a laudable enthusiasm. The views of philosophy were narrow ; confined to sects and opinions ; it was inflated with vain distinctions, and with trivial prejudices. The views of Christianity are unconfined ; it looks

looks over all moral nature : it makes no geographical limitation of country or climate ; it reaches beyond the boundaries of oceans, of mountains, and deserts ; boundaries placed by the Almighty Providence to confine and counteract the ambition of mankind, but not to serve as separations of mutual good-will. It makes no difference of colour or government. It knows only the general title of man, and disclaims all more confined considerations. It harmonizes all that is discordant ; it connects all that is unsocial ; and it awakens all that is engaging. A principle so generous, so grand, so extensive, so universal, and accommodating, cannot but produce a more gradual enlargement of sentiment, and tend to soften the dispositions of mankind. It admits no separation of sect or party ; it has no discrimination but that of vice or virtue ; and finds in every part of human nature something that is congenial to itself, something to which it is related ; and denies the participation of its affections to none.

‘ Let us then look on all men in that light which the Gospel displays. Let us despise the meanness and bigotry of those who estimate others by the classes to which they belong ; who condemn in the aggregate, and are ready to persecute all whose creed differs from their own ; remembering that every act of violence is an infringement both of the public peace, and of the laws of that religion which says, “ putting away all wrath, and bitterness, and clamour, be ye kindly affectioned one to another.” We should not only abstain therefore from outrage, but we should divest ourselves of all prejudices, and be careful how we attribute bad motives to those who may chance to differ from us in religious or in political persuasions. Let us join in constant prayers to the Almighty Disposer of events, that he would be pleased so to order this world, that we may all become of one mind in Christ Jesus : that men may nourish virtuous and kind inclinations ; that the nations of the earth may cultivate the blessings of peace within their own borders ; that the horrors of war may no more desolate the earth ; that every hill may rejoice, and every valley laugh and sing, richly clothed in their own native productions.’ P. 193.

From these extracts the prevailing feature in the author's mind is clearly seen ; and on other subjects he is not without praise. The vices of pride and vanity are painted by him in their proper colours—

‘ Of the two vices pride is the most odious ; for to this, vanity is comparatively innocent. Pride seeks its own gratification at the expense of others ; it wishes to occupy the space to which they have a right, and is ever in a state of dilatation. Vanity often attains its own ends in the gratification of other men ; and pleases itself by pleasing the world. Pride aims at surpassing its superiors, insults its equals, and tramples on its inferiors. Vanity will often be content

to

to be inferior in many respects, if you allow it but indulgence in a single one; and that too often in a point at which envy need not repine. Pride is disdainful and rude; vanity frequently courteous and obliging. Pride is always offensive; but at the presumption of vanity we are often more ready to smile than to conceive anger. Pride provokes our rage; but vanity only our contempt. There is an ostentation in both; but the exultation of vanity is more good-humoured. Pride wishes to excel, in order to depreciate your merit; vanity only to raise itself. Pride is never accompanied by true good-nature; vanity sometimes possesses this quality to an excess. There is an intemperance of vanity which may grow disgusting; but this disgust will never give you half the pain which you experience from the wounds inflicted by pride. Pride steps forth glorying in its own gigantic strength, and challenges your submission, like the Philistine, who daily defied the armies of the living God. Vanity walks awkwardly, like the stripling David, oppressed by the weight of his armour, and by the size of the weapons which he had not strength to wield.' P. 144.

A fatal error in the conduct of parents, of which, when too late, we hear such frequent complaints, is remarked with great efficacy by one who is entrusted with the care of youth.

'I cannot omit to remark one fatal error, which arises from a too prevalent affectation of sentiment. Instead of watching the birth and progress of error in the minds of children, parents begin to form a character for them in their own imaginations; judge of every action by this fanciful criterion, and ascribe even their vices to imaginary virtues. Is a child weakly timid? This is tender feeling. Is he passionate or resentful? He is said to be possessed of great sensibility. Is he idle or vicious? This is volatility of disposition. Is he mischievous? This is considered as the effect of lively spirits. This kind of delusion may be amusing to the parent, because for a while it flatters him with ideal qualities, and may serve to conceal unpleasant truth: but the deception is fatal; because it promotes the growth of evil, and confirms those habits, which might be prevented from acquiring strength. The subsequent uneasiness which it produces is very serious; for to be awakened to a sense of the depravity of children, is the most painful discovery which a parent can experience.' P. 91.

Having given such copious extracts from these discourses, it will be scarcely necessary for us to give our opinion of their style. In general it is plain and simple; sometimes it runs into the figurative, but does not take any extensive flights into either the pathetic or the sublime. The chief excellence is the justness of sentiment on the disposition of mind which Christianity is calculated to produce; and as this volume may afford many useful reflections to those who can dedicate their evenings

ings to religious meditation, we can also recommend it to the younger clergy, as deserving a place among those discourses with which they at times instruct their congregations.

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*Poems, and a Tragedy. By William Julius Mickle, Translator of the Lusiad, &c. 4to. 18s. Boards. Egerton. 1794.*

THE name of Mickle is advantageously known to all lovers of poetry, as the translator of the *Lusiad* of Camoens. Though that is undoubtedly the work upon which his fame as an author must chiefly be built, his original pieces are neither few in number nor unworthy of notice. They are here collected, and presented to the public with the addition of the *Siege of Marseilles*, a tragedy, offered to the stage, but rejected,—and some smaller pieces, which, we believe, have not appeared before. To the poems are prefixed a slight sketch of the life of the author, with some letters which passed between him and lord Lyttelton on the subject of his poetical productions. Mr. Mickle was born in Scotland, and engaged in trade at Edinburgh, but was not successful, probably from the bent of his mind lying another way. In 1763 he came to London, and introduced himself to the notice of lord Lyttelton by submitting some of his pieces to his correction.—The letters which passed on the subject form the correspondence mentioned above.—The editor hints that these corrections, and a slight countenance from his lordship, were the only fruits of *patronage* Mr. Mickle experienced on this occasion. But it should be remembered that lord Lyttelton was not rich,—that the connection was not of his own seeking,—that he seems to have faithfully served him in the thing which he asked of him,—and that Mr. Mickle did not complain. To correct another man's performances is not a pleasant task; and a scholar of lord Lyttelton's eminence would have had too much upon his hands if he had been expected to provide for, as well as to advise, young authors. After various schemes, Mr. Mickle accepted the situation of corrector of the Clarendon press at Oxford. Here he wrote many of his poems, and began his *Lusiad*, which was completed under the pressure of a very narrow income,—for he quitted his situation to apply to it without interruption. This brought him immediately into notice; but his expectations of *patronage* from the duke of B——h, who had accepted the offer of a dedication to him, were cruelly disappointed—it is here asserted—through the ill-offices of Dr. Adam Smith, the profest admirer of Hume, to whom Mr. Mickle was a declared antagonist. He had a more zealous friend however in governor Johnstone, who took him to Lisbon on a cruise, and got him appointed agent for the prizes which were taken. At Lisbon he wrote *Almada Hill*; and,



and, with what he had acquired in this situation, he retired to Wheatly in Oxfordshire, and enjoyed, during the last years of his life, literary leisure and independence.

Mr. Mickle is said to have been a character of great worth and integrity, of a high independent spirit, not shining in conversation, nor giving any indication, by his appearance, of the talents he possessed. From the manner in which he resented the rejection of his play, we suspect he was irritable; and from his situation during the greater part of his life, we fear he was unhappy.

The poems most worthy of notice in this collection, are—

Pollio, improperly entitled an Ode; both the measure, the occasion, which was the death of a brother, and the pensive tenderness of sentiment, denominate it a true Elegy: there is in it much beautiful description and a tender vein of thought. The following simile is well imagined:—

‘ High o’er the pines, that with their dark’ning shade,  
Surround yon craggy bank, the castle rears  
Its crumbling turrets: still its towery head  
A warlike mien, a fullen grandeur wears.

So ’midst the snow of age, a boastful air  
Still on the war-worn veteran’s brow attends;  
Still his big bones his youthful prime declare,  
Though trembling o’er the feeble crutch he bends. P. 7.

Sir Martyn.—This in the first editions had the title of *The Concubine*; and we do not see why it should have been changed. It is a moral and descriptive poem, intended to exemplify the unhappy consequences of an illicit connection with a low and unprincipled woman. It is written in the stanza of Spencer, whose manner Mr. Mickle has imitated with great happiness. The following invocation is remarkably sweet and harmonious:—

‘ Awake, ye west winds, through the lonely dale,  
And, Fancy, to thy faerie bowre betake!  
Even now, with balmie freshness, breathes the gale,  
Dimpling with downy wing the stilly lake;  
Through the pale willows faltering whispers wake,  
And evening comes with locks bedropt with dew;  
On Desmonds mouldering turrets slowly shake  
The trembling rie-grass and the hare-bell blue,  
And ever and anon faire Mullas plaints renew. P. 23.

Sir Martin, a youth of large fortune, amiable disposition, and liberal education, when just entering into life, becomes enamoured of Katherine the dairy-maid. She gains such an ascendancy over him as to blast all his prospects in life.

To escape from his uneasy feelings, he flies to the nymph Dis-  
pation, who at length resigns him to the cave of Discontent.  
The poem thus impressively concludes:—

‘ But boast not of superiour shrewd addresse,  
Ye who can calmly spurn the ruind mayd,  
Ye who unmovd can view the deepe distresse  
That crushes to the dust the parents head,  
And rends that easie heart by you betrayd,  
Boast not that ye his numerous woes eskew;  
Ye who unawd the nuptial couch invade,  
Boast not his weaknesse with contempt to view;  
For worthy is he still, compard, perdie, to you. P. 93.’

It is a fault in this poem that the satire rather applies to ill-  
sorted marriages than to connections of another kind; for it is  
scarcely probable that a young man would bear the fordid dis-  
gustful manners and the tyrannical disposition of such a mate  
as is here described, except she had been really a *yoke-fellow*.

The Elegy on Mary Queen of Scots, though rejected by  
lord Lyttelton, whose severe morality would not allow even  
the poet to spread a veil of flowers over guilt, is, we think, the  
most pleasing of all the poems. It is written with great ele-  
gance and harmony, and the subject gives it an interest which  
is wanting in many of the other pieces. We cannot help no-  
ticing an anachronism in the following stanza (p. 103)—

‘ No more a goddess in the swimming dance,  
May’st thou, O queen, thy lovely form display;  
No more thy beauty reign the charm of France,  
Or in *Verfailles*’ proud bowers outshine the day.’

Verfailles was the creation of Louis the XIVth.

Almada Hill has much merit in local and historical descrip-  
tion. He wrote it on the spot; and we see the fancy of the  
poet enriched by the contemplation of those new and pictur-  
esque scenes which travelling had brought him acquainted  
with. The description of the view of the shores of the Tagus  
from Almada Hill is particularly beautiful.

‘ Where sea-ward narrower rolls the shining tide  
Through hills by hills embosom’d on each side,  
Monastic walls in every glen arise  
In coldest white fair glistening to the skies  
Amid the brown-brow’d rocks; and, far as sight,  
Proud domes and villages array’d in white  
Climb o’er the steeps, and thro’ the dusky green  
Of olive groves, and orange bowers between,  
Speckled with glowing red, unnumber’d gleam—  
And Lisboa towering o’er the lordly stream

Her

Her marble palaces and temples spreads  
Wildly magnific o'er the loaded heads  
Of bending hills, along whose high-piled base  
The port capacious, in a moon'd embrace,  
Throws her mast-forest, waving on the gale  
The vanes of every shore that hoists the sail. P. 168.

In the smaller poems we find nothing particularly to notice; and it was with rather a presentiment of disappointment that we proceeded to the tragedy,—having observed that authors who publish a rejected play, too generally justify the manager whom they mean to expose. The Siege of Marseilles is placed in the reign of Francis the First. Francis comes to relieve Marseilles, then besieged by the traitor Bourbon, and falls in love with the wife of Raymond, the governor of the town. His courtiers, from envy to Raymond, assist him in endeavouring to seduce her affections, and succeed so far that they raise jealousies and discontents between the married pair, to which their happiness and the life of Raymond become the sacrifice. The play concludes with exhibiting Francis taken prisoner by Bourbon at the head of the Spanish troops,—a most unpardonable liberty in the poet, who had no right to transfer the transactions of Pavia to Marseilles. The complaint of Erminia, when hurt by her husband's supposed severity, has something touching in it—

‘*Erminia.* My heart to Raymond  
Was open as the noon-day face of heaven:  
No dark recess was from his eye conceal'd.  
But Raymond's love, ev'n in its softest hours,  
Like his proud eye, wore something awful.—Man,  
Stern lordly man, never in perfect union,  
Joins his superior heart with humbler woman,  
Though all her heart's affections worship him.’ P. 267.

Upon the whole, we own we do not find in this piece reason to regret that it was not brought forward. The moral and descriptive strain seems to have been more congenial to the turn of Mr. Mickle's genius than the bolder walk of tragedy and pathos.

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*Preliminary Lecture to the Course of Lectures on the Institutions of Justinian. Together with an Introductory Discourse. By John Wilde, Esq. Advocate, Fellow of the Royal Society, and Professor of Civil Law in the University of Edinburgh, 8vo. 3s. sewed. Cadell and Davies. 1794.*

**T**HIS author seems to be provided with more knowledge than method, more imagination than judgment: he appears indeed to have run *wild* with the infection of the pre-  
C. R. N. ARR. (XIV.) July, 1795. X vailing

vailing influenza of political alarm. In his introductory discourse he very early discovers the unlimited power of his prejudices (I had almost said passions). 'Men, says he, are running mad after their own conceits. These visions of this night of Europe can be dispelled only by the realities of the day.' The English reader will surely lament that he is placed even out of a chance gleam of that light, which he tells us is to dispel the darkness of this night of horror. It has indeed been observable of late, that, north of the Tweed, English jurisprudence has been holden in execration; and even in the British senate most fervent ejaculations have gone forth for the introduction of the Scottish code into the south of Britain. Perfectly responsive with the wishes of his countrymen in parliament, are the sentiments of this Caledonian advocate—'In the light, that shone before our sun had set, nothing was brighter than the Roman jurisprudence.'

Our author is so very decisive upon the necessity of our continuing the present calamitous war, that we cannot refrain from favouring our reader with some of his conceits upon it. 'Alps rose on Alps in this war against heaven, and the wearied eye could see no end.'—'The heart beats to arms alone: crying with the prophet, and in his spirit: arise, ye princes, and anoint the shield.—But, continues he,

'It is a dreadful war, a cruel and exterminating war; a war that, in all its parts, and on every side, humanity cannot view without insufferable pangs: and (what enlarges the horror almost to despair) it may be an unsuccessful, or to us, and in our times, an endless war. But a peace (that is what men call a peace) would be more cruel, more destructive, bloody, inhuman, than even this (this very) war: which is, *therefore*, just: which is, *therefore*, necessary; which must *therefore*, be favoured by heaven itself: and, in its issue (should our eyes close on these our miseries, ere they pass away) yet redound, in the counsels of a good Providence, and as being even a direct means, to the felicity (perhaps permanent) of the human race.

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an individual might go to a court of law, a nation against a nation was to go to the field.' It is rather singular to find a lawyer of any description so staunch an advocate for war: for *silent leges inter arma*. Yet our advocate not only says, that rational fear (which we allow), but *generous succour is justifier of war*,—that the oppression of his people by the emperor of China, and the oppression of the emperor of Morocco by his subjects, are equally a just principle for Great Britain to declare war against either of those states. We know of no moral casuistry that thus extends the vindictive and ruinous system of desolation and bloodshed over the whole face of the globe. But our *miles togatus* assures us (to prove *nations to be moral persons*) that 'nations are lawyers and knights too, and that chivalry is law.' What wonder after this, if certain leaders of the British house of commons yearn so eagerly upon the laws of Scotland?

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'The noblest lady in all Europe came, in all the gaiety of innocence and youth, to be the queen of the oldest European kingdom. She came to her early grave. The marriage sheets that covered her lovely limbs, were cursed by the demons of hell for her winding sheets. The nuptial couch that yielded to the soft pressure of her body, was doomed in their incantations to be her bier. The unhallowed voices of the abyss rose up in execrations, and their impure feet trod around her their dance of death. That head formed at once for love and for command, was to fall under the axe, and be polluted by the gripe, of the common executioner. The scaffold of democracy was to be sprinkled with that blood, which, full of all the royalty and nobility that had ever existed, barbaric and civilised, run in her veins, from the united sources of the Julian family

mily and Attila the Hun! I never will forgive the king of France for the destruction of this queen. I would sooner forgive him the ruin of his nation, and the devastation of all Europe. He should have seen all his people die like rotten sheep, before she could be brought into such hazard. This spirit (her spirit) would have made him, her, his people, Europe, the world, happy!' p. lxxii.

The author's glow of sympathy for the late queen of France leaves the extacies of the enthusiastic Burke at a contemptuous distance. *Proximus ardet Ucalegon——longo sed proximus intervallo.*

'I never shall forget the escape from Paris. That brief space was certainly the happiest of my life; that in which earth approached nearest to heaven. No happiness of my own, even proceeding from or mingled with the happiness of others, ever filled my soul with such delicious sensations, as were in the rapturous enjoyments of these fleeting hours. Even afterwards, hopes would spring up, and overflowed my heart before they were dried. Often, in solitary rambling, I have forgotten my own woes, in the pleasing visions that there might be yet a rescue. I thought of the young and gallant George Douglas, whose heart (in the matchless description of Stuart) "was big with love, generosity, and the spirit of adventure." I thought that such a man, and such circumstances, might exist again. What had been done for Mary of Scotland, I thought might be done for the queen of France, and to a better issue of fortune than in our lovely and murdered queen. I saw her again a sovereign, and my eyes strained at the vision almost to delirium. These imaginations can come no more. I could weep like a woman; did I not rage. The time of tears will come.

'The happiness of Europe will come also. This war of feeling and reason must have a prosperous end. Our own safety is combined in it, with the duty of just vengeance. This is an union of offices which heaven will not gainsay. England's minister, and his noble associates, will plan wisely, and execute with vigour.' p. lxxvii.

Our author has deigned to bestow much pity upon the seduction, and some praise upon the talents, of Messrs. Fox, Sheridan, Francis, and Gray, the duke of Bedford, and lord Lauderdale. But he asserts, 'to support the present administration, and through them the people and the throne, is, as a citizen and subject, my duty.' He boasts of, or rather plays with his disinterestedness, as the wanton girl in Virgil provoked danger, that she might enjoy the pleasure of tripping—*Malo me Galatea petit, &c.*

'My situation in a pecuniary view might, no doubt, be bettered, either by other appointments, or by giving me what should be equi-

valent to the salary, reserved, by the public deed of my nomination, to the emeritus professor, during his life. But such a measure would create no charge upon my disinterestedness; and for two grounds. I should think it no matter of favour, in the circumstances, and little else than bare justice. And there are others, perhaps, who on this subject, would be much of the same mind; and not without their reasons. And, next, it would require much more to buy me; as all those will find who try.' p. xc.

The lecture itself is an overstrained panegyric of the Roman law, to the disparagement, if not vilification, of all other systems of jurisprudence in Europe, if we except the feudal system, which he almost identifies with the Roman code.

† I think (says he) I may venture to assert, not only of the law of Scotland, but of all law every where, and in whatever shape society may exist in future times (even were forms of government made to be of the mere caprice and will of man); that no system of equitable jurisprudence will ever be known in the world, unless by the knowledge of the Roman law; and that the knowledge of this law, alone, can give to such a system either bottom or perpetuity. I wish to be understood as saying this in the fullest latitude of expression; so ample indeed, that neither my endeavours, nor my hopes, can reach that point of completion (perhaps at any time) the attainment of which would place either myself, or my hearers, in the full view of this comprehensive system. I see its vastness lying before me, *dark and undefined*. I shall do what is in my power to explain its most essential portions and chief outlines; those particularly that are most necessary (though what parts are not necessary?) in practical purposes to ourselves. By unpresuming and repeated endeavours, the system itself may, perhaps, in some generations of men, be restored to what it was, long before the compilations of Justinian; when Papinian, Paulus, and Ulpian, were the living oracles of this law; and while it still spoke in the writings of the juriconsults of old, in the science, and with the vigour, of the republic.' p. 41.

He thus further expresses his sublimated ideas of the Roman code, and informs us what effect it has upon the law of Scotland, and indeed of nations in general.

‘The Roman law, such as I shall deliver to you in these lectures (confining my endeavours within my abilities and knowledge) you will thus perceive I consider to be, a great body of universal justice; which, in this kingdom of Scotland, both by usage and statute, is to be the rule of administering the law in all cases, where usages derived from other established sources, where the peculiar nature of our government, and where particular statutes, settling the law of the land, do not derogate from its authority, or introduce other rules of decision. This (as I take it) is the full extent of the civil law,



as to its direct authority among us. There is still more to be done than in this strictness of view, and as considering it in the range of universal jurisprudence; but it is of that kind which can be rather pointed at by me than explained, and for which the student must be more indebted to himself than his teacher.

' This ancient law (even in a less limited view than that of universal jurisprudence) is a sort of law of nations, at this day, over all Europe; and it might be no difficult matter to shew, that all that has been written, of any importance, upon the law of nations, in modern times, has either been derived from the Roman source; or, where it has not been so derived, that it does not contain a great deal of much value. The system of Grotius is, in a very great degree (generally and in its parts also) founded on the civil law of Rome.' P. 44.

It is perhaps too vainly said by our English lawyers, that the common law of England is the perfection of reason,—that is, according to their own interpretation, it contains nothing against reason: but modest are their eulogies of their own science, in comparison of the praises lavished by this transported lecturer upon the Roman law—

' Be assured that gross ignorance alone could ever have produced the gross error, that the Roman law was intricate, and perplexed, and abstruse; when its very characteristic and essence (as existing in the pandects, and in that great part of the code, which is of the same jurisprudence with the pandects) is the being made of plain natural justice and obvious common sense; natural justice common sense expressed, it is true, in precise and accurate language; as such things ought to be; but with none of the tricks and devices and deformities either of a clumsy or of a flimsy philosophy; neither the heaviness of lumpish commentators, nor the skipping levities of overweening sciolists. Every thing is accurate, that there may be no confusion; and every thing is plain, that there may be no intricacy. P. 54.

In a word, our author, in the true style of scientific empiricism, holds out the Roman law as the grand panacea of policy and religion, in all our present national doubts, difficulties, and disasters—

' By such means as I have here described, employed on your part and on mine, and by following out this plan and method, the studies of the civil law may be revived, and its knowledge spread among us. In this century men have been gradually advancing in ignorance. Some of the greatest men that ever lived may, and indeed must, have existed; but the *mass* must likewise have been growing hourly more ignorant; and for the self same reason. In the sunshine of knowledge, those who could not bear its brightness gazed

ings to religious meditation, we can also recommend it to the younger clergy, as deserving a place among those discourses with which they at times instruct their congregations.

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*Poems, and a Tragedy. By William Julius Mickle, Translator of the Lusiad, &c. 4to. 18s. Boards. Egerton. 1794.*

THE name of Mickle is advantageously known to all lovers of poetry, as the translator of the *Lusiad* of Camoens. Though that is undoubtedly the work upon which his fame as an author must chiefly be built, his original pieces are neither few in number nor unworthy of notice. They are here collected, and presented to the public with the addition of the *Siege of Marseilles*, a tragedy, offered to the stage, but rejected,—and some smaller pieces, which, we believe, have not appeared before. To the poems are prefixed a slight sketch of the life of the author, with some letters which passed between him and lord Lyttelton on the subject of his poetical productions. Mr. Mickle was born in Scotland, and engaged in trade at Edinburgh, but was not successful, probably from the bent of his mind lying another way. In 1763 he came to London, and introduced himself to the notice of lord Lyttelton by submitting some of his pieces to his correction.—The letters which passed on the subject form the correspondence mentioned above.—The editor hints that these corrections, and a slight countenance from his lordship, were the only fruits of *patronage* Mr. Mickle experienced on this occasion. But it should be remembered that lord Lyttelton was not rich,—that the connection was not of his own seeking,—that he seems to have faithfully served him in the thing which he asked of him,—and that Mr. Mickle did not complain. To correct another man's performances is not a pleasant task; and a scholar of lord Lyttelton's eminence would have had too much upon his hands if he had been expected to provide for, as well as to advise, young authors. After various schemes, Mr. Mickle accepted the situation of corrector of the Clarendon press at Oxford. Here he wrote many of his poems, and began his *Lusiad*, which was completed under the pressure of a very narrow income,—for he quitted his situation to apply to it without interruption. This brought him immediately into notice; but his expectations of *patronage* from the duke of B——h, who had accepted the offer of a dedication to him, were cruelly disappointed—it is here asserted—through the ill-offices of Dr. Adam Smith, the profest admirer of Hume, to whom Mr. Mickle was a declared antagonist. He had a more zealous friend however in governor Johnstone, who took him to Lisbon on a cruise, and got him appointed agent for the prizes which were taken. At Lisbon he wrote *Almada Hill*; and,

and, with what he had acquired in this situation, he retired to Wheatly in Oxfordshire, and enjoyed, during the last years of his life, literary leisure and independence.

Mr. Mickle is said to have been a character of great worth and integrity, of a high independent spirit, not shining in conversation, nor giving any indication, by his appearance, of the talents he possessed. From the manner in which he resented the rejection of his play, we suspect he was irritable; and from his situation during the greater part of his life, we fear he was unhappy.

The poems most worthy of notice in this collection, are—

Pollio, improperly entitled an Ode; both the measure, the occasion, which was the death of a brother, and the pensive tenderness of sentiment, denominate it a true Elegy: there is in it much beautiful description and a tender vein of thought. The following simile is well imagined:—

‘ High o’er the pines, that with their dark’ning shade,  
Surround yon craggy bank, the castle rears  
Its crumbling turrets: still its towery head  
A warlike mien, a fullen grandeur wears.  
So ’midst the snow of age, a boastful air  
Still on the war-worn veteran’s brow attends;  
Still his big bones his youthful prime declare,  
Though trembling o’er the feeble crutch he bends. P. 7.

Sir Martyn.—This in the first editions had the title of *The Concubine*; and we do not see why it should have been changed. It is a moral and descriptive poem, intended to exemplify the unhappy consequences of an illicit connection with a low and unprincipled woman. It is written in the stanza of Spencer, whose manner Mr. Mickle has imitated with great happiness. The following invocation is remarkably sweet and harmonious:—

‘ Awake, ye west windes, through the lonely dale,  
And, Fancy, to thy faerie bowre betake!  
Even now, with balmie freshnesse, breathes the gale,  
Dimpling with downy wing the stilly lake;  
Through the pale willows faltering whispers wake,  
And evening comes with locks bedropt with dew;  
On Desmonds mouldering turrets slowly shake  
The trembling rie-grass and the hare-bell blue,  
And ever and anon faire Mullas plaints renew. P. 23.

Sir Martin, a youth of large fortune, amiable disposition, and liberal education, when just entering into life, becomes enamoured of Katherine the dairy-maid. She gains such an ascendancy over him as to blast all his prospects in life.

To escape from his uneasy feelings, he flies to the nymph Dissipation, who at length resigns him to the cave of Discontent. The poem thus impressively concludes:—

‘ But boast not of superiour shrewd addresse,  
Ye who can calmly spurn the ruind mayd,  
Ye who unmovd can view the deepe distresse  
That crushes to the dust the parents head,  
And rends that easie heart by you betrayd,  
Boast not that ye his numerous wotes eskew;  
Ye who unawd the nuptial couch invade,  
Boast not his weaknesse with contempt to view;  
For worthy is he still, compard, perdie, to you. R. 93.’

It is a fault in this poem that the satire rather applies to ill-forted *marriages* than to connections of another kind; for it is scarcely probable that a *young* man would bear the sordid disgustful manners and the tyrannical disposition of such a mate as is here described, except she had been really a *yoke-fellow*.

The Elegy on Mary Queen of Scots, though rejected by Lord Lyttelton, whose severe morality would not allow even the poet to spread a veil of flowers over guilt, is, we think, the most pleasing of all the poems. It is written with great elegance and harmony, and the subject gives it an interest which is wanting in many of the other pieces. We cannot help noticing an anachronism in the following stanza (p. 103)—

‘ No more a goddess in the swimming dance,  
May’st thou, O queen, thy lovely form display;  
No more thy beauty reign the charm of France,  
Or in *Verfailles*’ proud bowers outline the day.’

Verfailles was the creation of Louis the XIVth.

Almada Hill has much merit in local and historical description. He wrote it on the spot; and we see the fancy of the poet enriched by the contemplation of those new and picturesque scenes which travelling had brought him acquainted with. The description of the view of the shores of the Tagus from Almada Hill is particularly beautiful.

‘ Where sea-ward narrower rolls the shining tide  
Through hills by hills embosom’d on each side,  
Monastic walls in every glen arise  
In coldest white fair glistening to the skies  
Amid the brown-brow’d rocks; and, far as sight,  
Proud domes and villages array’d in white  
Climb o’er the steeps, and thro’ the dusky green  
Of olive groves, and orange bowers between,  
Speckled with glowing red, unnumber’d gleam:—  
And Lisboa towering o’er the lordly stream

Her



Her marble palaces and temples spreads  
Wildly magnific o'er the loaded heads  
Of bending hills, along whose high-piled base  
The port capacious, in a moon'd embrace,  
Throws her mast-forest, waving on the gale  
The vanes of every shore that hoists the sail. P. 168.

In the smaller poems we find nothing particularly to notice; and it was with rather a presentiment of disappointment that we proceeded to the tragedy,—having observed that authors who publish a rejected play, too generally justify the manager whom they mean to expose. The Siege of Marseilles is placed in the reign of Francis the First. Francis comes to relieve Marseilles, then besieged by the traitor Bourbon, and falls in love with the wife of Raymond, the governor of the town. His courtiers, from envy to Raymond, assist him in endeavouring to seduce her affections, and succeed so far that they raise jealousies and discontents between the married pair, to which their happiness and the life of Raymond become the sacrifice. The play concludes with exhibiting Francis taken prisoner by Bourbon at the head of the Spanish troops,—a most unpardonable liberty in the poet, who had no right to transfer the transactions of Pavia to Marseilles. The complaint of Erminia, when hurt by her husband's supposed severity, has something touching in it—

‘*Erminia.* My heart to Raymond  
Was open as the noon-day face of heaven:  
No dark recess was from his eye conceal'd.  
But Raymond's love, ev'n in its softest hours,  
Like his proud eye, wore something awful.—Man,  
Stern lordly man, never in perfect union,  
Joins his superior heart with humbler woman,  
Though all her heart's affections worship him.’ P. 267.

Upon the whole, we own we do not find in this piece reason to regret that it was not brought forward. The moral and descriptive strain seems to have been more congenial to the turn of Mr. Mickle's genius than the bolder walk of tragedy and pathos.

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*Preliminary Lecture to the Course of Lectures on the Institutions of Justinian. Together with an Introductory Discourse. By John Wilde, Esq. Advocate, Fellow of the Royal Society, and Professor of Civil Law in the University of Edinburgh, 8vo. 3s. sewed. Cadell and Davies. 1794.*

THIS author seems to be provided with more knowledge than method, more imagination than judgment: he appears indeed to have run wild with the infection of the pre-  
C. R. N. ARR. (XIV.) July, 1795. X vailing

vailing influenza of political alarm. In his introductory discourse he very early discovers the unlimited power of his prejudices (I had almost said passions). 'Men, says he, are running mad after their own conceits. These visions of this night of Europe can be dispelled only by the realities of the day.' The English reader will surely lament that he is placed even out of a chance gleam of that light, which he tells us is to dispel the darkness of this night of horror. It has indeed been observable of late, that, north of the Tweed, English jurisprudence has been holden in execration; and even in the British senate most fervent ejaculations have gone forth for the introduction of the Scottish code into the south of Britain. Perfectly responsive with the wishes of his countrymen in parliament, are the sentiments of this Caledonian advocate—'In the light, that shone before our sun had set, nothing was brighter than the Roman jurisprudence.'

Our author is so very decisive upon the necessity of our continuing the present calamitous war, that we cannot refrain from favouring our reader with some of his conceits upon it. 'Alps rose on Alps in this war against heaven, and the wearied eye could see no end.'—'The heart beats to arms alone: crying with the prophet, and in his spirit: arise, ye princes, and anoint the shield.—But, continues he,

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The author has thought it necessary to *justify himself in this cold age, from a heat that many may pronounce madness*. After an enthusiastic effusion of praise of the modern Quixotism of our present knights errant, he undertakes to exemplify the doctrines of Haker and Vattel, in the high moral spirit of Henry the Fourth of France. 'Had a hand of insult touched a hair of the head of his fair Gabrielle, he would have laid all France in ashes and blood, from the Pyrenees to the Channel, and from the Rhine to the Ocean.' If such be the morality which this legal champion of chivalry would establish, little are we to wonder that the French nation should take effectual measures to prevent the possibility of such effects from the insult of a Gabrielle, or the destructive vengeance of a Henry IV. Of his reader's ideas Mr. Wilde seems to have had some forecast: for he gravely tells us, *I hope I have proved my sobriety. It is a melancholy matter that I have to prove it*. Attend, courteous reader, to his proofs—

'The noblest lady in all Europe came, in all the gaiety of innocence and youth, to be the queen of the oldest European kingdom. She came to her early grave. The marriage sheets that covered her lovely limbs, were cursed by the demons of hell for her winding sheets. The nuptial couch that yielded to the soft pressure of her body, was doomed in their incantations to be her bier. The unhallowed voices of the abyss rose up in execrations, and their impure feet trod around her their dance of death. That head formed at once for love and for command, was to fall under the axe, and be polluted by the gripe, of the common executioner. The scaffold of democracy was to be sprinkled with that blood, which, full of all the royalty and nobility that had ever existed, barbaric and civilised, run in her veins, from the united sources of the Julian family



milly and Attila the Hun! I never will forgive the king of France for the destruction of this queen. I would sooner forgive him the ruin of his nation, and the devastation of all Europe. He should have seen all his people die like rotten sheep, before she could be brought into such hazard. This spirit (her spirit) would have made him, her, his people, Europe, the world, happy! p. lxxii.

The author's glow of sympathy for the late queen of France leaves the extacies of the enthusiastic Burke at a contemptuous distance. *Proximus ardet Ucalegon——longo sed proximus intervallo.*

'I never shall forget the escape from Paris. That brief space was certainly the happiest of my life; that in which earth approached nearest to heaven. No happiness of my own, even proceeding from or mingled with the happiness of others, ever filled my soul with such delicious sensations, as were in the rapturous enjoyments of these fleeting hours. Even afterwards, hopes would spring up, and overflowed my heart before they were dried. Often, in solitary rambling, I have forgotten my own woes, in the pleasing visions that there might be yet a rescue. I thought of the young and gallant George Douglas, whose heart (in the matchless description of Stuart) "was big with love, generosity, and the spirit of adventure." I thought that such a man, and such circumstances, might exist again. What had been done for Mary of Scotland, I thought might be done for the queen of France, and to a better issue of fortune than in our lovely and murdered queen. I saw her again a sovereign, and my eyes strained at the vision almost to delirium. These imaginations can come no more. I could weep like a woman; did I not rage. The time of tears will come.

'The happiness of Europe will come also. This war of feeling and reason must have a prosperous end. Our own safety is combined in it, with the duty of just vengeance. This is an union of offices which heaven will not gainsay. England's minister, and his noble associates, will plan wisely, and execute with vigour.' p. lxxvii.

Our author has deigned to bestow much pity upon the seduction, and some praise upon the talents, of Messrs. Fox, Sheridan, Francis, and Gray, the duke of Bedford, and lord Lauderdale. But he asserts, 'to support the present administration, and through them the people and the throne, is, as a citizen and subject, my duty.' He boasts of, or rather plays with his disinterestedness, as the wanton girl in Virgil provoked danger, that she might enjoy the pleasure of tripping—*Malo me Galatea petit, &c.*

'My situation in a pecuniary view might, no doubt, be bettered, either by other appointments, or by giving me what should be equivalent

valent to the salary, reserved, by the public deed of my nomination, to the emeritus professor, during his life. But such a measure would create no charge upon my disinterestedness; and for two grounds. I should think it no matter of favour, in the circumstances, and little else than bare justice. And there are others, perhaps, who on this subject, would be much of the same mind; and not without their reasons. And, next, it would require much more to buy me; as all those will find who try.' P. xc.

The lecture itself is an overstrained panegyric of the Roman law, to the disparagement, if not vilification, of all other systems of jurisprudence in Europe, if we except the feudal system, which he almost identifies with the Roman code.

‘ I think (says he) I may venture to assert, not only of the law of Scotland, but of all law every where, and in whatever shape society may exist in future times (even were forms of government made to be of the mere caprice and will of man); that no system of equitable jurisprudence will ever be known in the world, unless by the knowledge of the Roman law; and that the knowledge of this law, alone, can give to such a system either bottom or perpetuity. I wish to be understood as saying this in the fullest latitude of expression; so ample indeed, that neither my endeavours, nor my hopes, can reach that point of completion (perhaps at any time) the attainment of which would place either myself, or my hearers, in the full view of this comprehensive system. I see its vastness lying before me, *dark and undefined*. I shall do what is in my power to explain its most essential portions and chief outlines; those particularly that are most necessary (though what parts are not necessary?) in practical purposes to ourselves. By unpresuming and repeated endeavours, the system itself may, perhaps, in some generations of men, be restored to what it was, long before the compilations of Justinian; when Papinian, Paulus, and Ulpian, were the living oracles of this law; and while it still spoke in the writings of the juriconsults of old, in the science, and with the vigour, of the republic.’ P. 41.

He thus further expresses his sublimated ideas of the Roman code, and informs us what effect it has upon the law of Scotland, and indeed of nations in general.

‘ The Roman law, such as I shall deliver to you in these lectures (confining my endeavours within my abilities and knowledge) you will thus perceive I consider to be, a great body of universal justice; which, in this kingdom of Scotland, both by usage and statute, is to be the rule of administering the law in all cases, where usages derived from other established sources, where the peculiar nature of our government, and where particular statutes, settling the law of the land, do not derogate from its authority, or introduce other rules of decision. This (as I take it) is the full extent of the civil law,

as to its direct authority among us. There is still more to be done than in this strictness of view, and as considering it in the range of universal jurisprudence; but it is of that kind which can be rather pointed at by me than explained, and for which the student must be more indebted to himself than his teacher.

‘ This ancient law (even in a less limited view than that of universal jurisprudence) is a sort of law of nations, at this day, over all Europe; and it might be no difficult matter to shew, that all that has been written, of any importance, upon the law of nations, in modern times, has either been derived from the Roman source; or, where it has not been so derived, that it does not contain a great deal of much value. The system of Grotius is, in a very great degree (generally and in its parts also) founded on the civil law of Rome.’ P. 44.

It is perhaps too vainly said by our English lawyers, that the common law of England is the perfection of reason,—that is, according to their own interpretation, it contains nothing against reason: but modest are their eulogies of their own science, in comparison of the praises lavished by this transported lecturer upon the Roman law—

‘ Be assured that gross ignorance alone could ever have produced the gross error, that the Roman law was intricate, and perplexed, and abstruse; when its very characteristic and essence (as existing in the pandects, and in that great part of the code, which is of the same jurisprudence with the pandects) is the being made up of plain natural justice and obvious common sense; natural justice and common sense expressed, it is true, in precise and accurate language; as such things ought to be; but with none of the tricks and devices and deformities either of a clumsy or of a flimsy philosophy; neither the heaviness of lumpish commentators, nor the skipping levities of overweening sciolists. Every thing is accurate, that there may be no confusion; and every thing is plain, that there may be no intricacy. P. 54.

In a word, our author, in the true style of scientific empiricism, holds out the Roman law as the grand panacea of policy and religion, in all our present national doubts, difficulties, and disasters—

‘ By such means as I have here described, employed on your part and on mine, and by following out this plan and method, the studies of the civil law may be revived, and its knowledge spread among us. In this century men have been gradually advancing in ignorance. Some of the greatest men that ever lived may, and indeed must, have existed; but the *mass* must likewise have been growing hourly more ignorant; and for the self same reason. In the sunshine of knowledge, those who could not bear its brightness gazed

and were blind. This darkness of the understanding is to be prevented only in one way: by modest and regular approaches to the source of light, which will thus rise, "with healing under its wings." Of all human sciences, that which prescribes, constrains, this modest and wise course of study the most, is the science of the civil law of the Romans. He who hastens here must stumble; and experience joining itself to advice, must also, in the end, here produce caution. In this way, and by a slow, but steady, and well sustained progress, the elements of all private, of all public, law will be known to us; of that which administers the concerns of peace, which justifies and terminates the actings of hostility. In this way (and as a particular thing) we may be taught one great truth, most necessary and most applicable to our days;—how the God of Christians is the God of battles as much as he whom the blasphemers of the times have called the God of the Jews. It is said in reference to *Him* (and thus said that it might be the stronger said, to him) whose peculiar name is the "Prince of Peace," that "in righteousness he doth judge and make war." If the principles of this "righteousness" have been ever explained and settled among men, this has been in the system of the Roman jurisprudence. I have said already that in *it* alone is to be sought the whole doctrine of the law of nations.

P. 79.

Verum pone moras, et studium lucri;  
Nigrorumque memor, dum licet, ignium,  
Misce stultitiam consiliis brevem.  
Dulce est desipere in loco.

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*The Description of Greece, by Pausanias. Translated from the Greek. With Notes, in which much of the Mythology of the Greeks is unfolded from a Theory which has been for many Ages unknown. And illustrated with Maps and Views elegantly Engraved. 3 Vols. 8vo. 1l. 1s. Boards. Faulder. 1794.*

**T**HIS work contains a translation of the Description of Greece by Pausanias, and copious notes by the translator. The notes relate chiefly to the theology of the ancients, for which the translator is a strenuous advocate; and his intention in making them is thus given in his own words:—

‘ With respect to the notes, my principal design in composing them, was to prevent the knowledge of the ancient theology from being entirely lost; and to accomplish this, I have unfolded in them a theory which seems for many ages to have been entirely unknown. It is true indeed, that the authors from whom the theological and mythological information which the notes contain is derived, i. e. the latter Platonists, are considered by verbal critics, and sophistical priests, as fanatics, and corrupters of their master’s doctrine. But  
whatever



whatever weight the opinion of men of this description may have with the vulgar, the discerning and liberal reader well knows that the former of these never read a book, but in order to make different readings of the words in-it, and that the latter wilfully pervert the meaning in some places, and ignorantly in others, of every valuable author whether ancient or modern. Let the liberal reader too consider, that the latter Platonists had most probably a traditional knowledge of some leading parts of their philosophy; that they had books to consult which are now lost; and that they are acknowledged to have been men of great genius and profound erudition, even by those who read without thinking, and by those who read but to censure and pervert.' P. xii.

On the work itself the translator tells us—

'The translator of such an author into any modern language may certainly expect that his translation, if faithful upon the whole, will be treated with lenity by every class of readers except venal critics, who censure or praise a work according to the taste of the age, and not according to its intrinsic merit; and who endeavour to crush the slow-rising fame of unprotected genius, with the same savage unconcern that a ruffian stabs the benighted traveller in some lonely path. As I have therefore endeavoured to give the sense of Pausanias with the utmost fidelity of which I am capable, and with as much elegance as his work can be reasonably supposed to demand in a translation, I solicit, and make no doubt of obtaining, forgiveness from the candid reader, for such errors as may be naturally supposed to attend the completion of so arduous an undertaking.

'I may add, that I have a still farther claim to lenity from the liberal reader, as I have been under the necessity of composing the whole of this work in the space of ten months; and those who know any thing of literary labour must be fully convinced, that to accomplish this, without committing some trivial errors at least, demands a vigilance which no weariness can surprise into negligence, a perseverance which no obstacles can retard, an ardour which no toils can for a moment abate.' P. ix.

We regret exceedingly that any man of letters should be under the necessity of completing so laborious a task as the present, in so short a space of time as ten months: and we confess that the critic, who expects to find accuracy in every page, and the most judicious selection of words on every occasion, —and who will not make allowances for many little errors necessarily escaping so rapid a translator, —must entertain a very imperfect idea of the difficulties attending a good translation, and must be very deficient in candour. From a translator of Pausanias, indeed, we are not to look for elegance of language or the beauties of style: the original is deficient in both, and is valuable only for the accurate description the author has given

us of Greece in his own times, and the variety of conjectures on the traditionary fables with which that country abounded. On perusing this work, the English reader will not be surprised at the superiority of the Greeks over his own nation in works of taste and art, when every step he takes is on classical ground, and presents to his view a temple, a grove, a statue, embellished by the fictions of poetry, or the skill of the most distinguished artists. Wealth seems then to have been acquired only for the public good, to enrich one's native town or village with monuments of patriotism or devotion : whereas in modern times it is confined to the private gratification of the individual ; and if expended in any public work, it is from a mercenary spirit, which calculates the rate per cent. not the beauty of the country,—not the improvement of its inhabitants,—not any great or praiseworthy design, by which others may be excited to generous actions. Still, if this mercenary spirit has infected us, and we look forward in general only to sordid gain and private interest,—if we cannot exercise either much taste or munificence in public works,—we have this advantage over the Greeks, that the eyes of our countrymen are less familiarised to error and delusion,—are not captivated by the enchanting power of the artist to believe a lie and the doctrines of dæmons ; they are less likely to be led away by the beauties of fiction, and consequently may embrace truth with greater readiness whenever she appears. The Greeks are to be applauded for their public spirit,—to be pitied that that spirit wasted itself in so many trifling conceits,—in so many idle tales,—and that, when exerted on dignified subjects, it was degraded by a mythology calculated only to debase the human mind, and to fill it with the most childish conceptions of a superior power.

The first thing which will strike a reader of this translation, is the perpetual repetition of the particle *but* : and we could not help smiling at the reason given by the translator for the omission of connective particles in modern compositions—

‘ Some fashionable readers,’ he says, ‘ will, I doubt not, think that my translation, abounds too much with connective particles. To such I shall only observe, that beauty in every composite consists in the apt connexion of its parts with each other, and is consequently greater where the connexion is more profound. It is on this account that the sound of the voice in singing is more pleasing than in discourse, because in the former it is more connected than in the latter ; that a palace is more beautiful than a rude heap of stones ; a kingdom than a democracy ; and in short, whatever is orderly and regular, than whatever is disordered and confused. In the present age indeed, it cannot be an object of wonder, that books are composed with scarcely any connective particles, when men of all ranks are seized with the mania of lawless freedom, bear indig-  
nantly

nantly all restraint, and are endeavouring to introduce the most dire disorder, by subverting subordination, and thus destroying the bond by which alone the parts of society can be peaceably held together. Of the truth of this observation the French at present are a remarkable example, among whom a contempt of orderly connexion has produced nothing but anarchy and uproar, licentious liberty and barbaric rage, all the darkness of atheism, and all the madness of democratic power. P. xiv.

We shall reserve our remarks on these *particles* till the reader has seen the use made of them in the translation: but, previously to the examination of it, we must transcribe the last paragraph in the Preface, by which public vengeance is denounced against a species of critics, of whose severity the translator seems to be very apprehensive.

‘ To critics in general I shall make a declaration similar to that which I have elsewhere given, that I shall pay no attention whatever to criticisms that are merely the result of ignorance; but if I find them attended with malevolence, I shall not fail to expose the baseness of such species of composition, in a copious appendix to my next publication: and would every author whose labours have been infamously abused adopt this plan, he would either by intimidating such literary bullies secure himself from their attacks in future, or render them the scorn and derision of every man of discernment and worth. P. xvi.

On this denunciation we shall observe only, that the writer seems to mistake the object of critics. It is not to be supposed that they are infallible; and yet what he calls the result of ignorance may be the result of much learning and reflection: and if he conceives the criticisms, when important, to be erroneous, he must leave the public to judge who is in the error, —the author or the critic. On the malevolence of critics, we would hope that this writer is mistaken. For example, what ground of malevolence can we possibly have against a writer with whom we are personally unacquainted?—whom for his laborious exertions we would wish to encourage, —whose system of mythology we do not indeed hold in any degree of respect; yet we wish that its champion should have every opportunity of displaying its merits. We lament that he has not more leisure for his publications; we regret that, among his rich friends, and some who are patrons of literature according to the common use of the phrase, no one has enabled him to prosecute his studies more at his ease; and we should be happy in hearing, that, with a temper unfouled by critical animadversions, and without fear of literary bullies who are always to be despised, he was indulging his own genius in the exploring

ing of hidden mysteries and the profound doctrines of the Platonic school. Yet notwithstanding the situation of a writer, and his menaces of future vengeance, there is a duty which we owe to the public: and, in the exercise of this duty, we are not to be terrified by petulance, nor restrained by compassion.

That the reader may form a good judgment of the translation, we shall give an extract from each volume. The first shall be taken from the beginning of the book, as from it the general style of the original and the translation may be collected.

‘ In that part of the Grecian continent, which is situated about the islands of the Cyclades, and the *Ægean* sea, the promontory *Sunium* raises itself from the *Attic* land. This promontory serves as a port to sailors; and the temple of *Minerva Sunias* is situated on its summit. But to one sailing to a greater distance, *Laurium* presents itself to the view (which formerly supplied the Athenians with silver), and a desert island of no great extent, which is called by the name of *Patroclus*. For one *Patroclus*, a commander of the Egyptian three-oared galleys, which *Ptolemy* the son of *Lagus* sent in aid of the Athenians, secretly landing on this island, enclosed it with a wall, and drew a trench round it, at that time when *Antigonus*, the son of *Demetrius*, making an irruption into it with his army, laid waste the country, and at the same time invested it with his ships by sea. But the *Piræus* was formerly a town. For before *Themistocles* governed the Athenians, the *Piræus* was not a haven, but *Phalerum*, because in this part the sea was the least distant from the city; and they say that *Mnestheus* sailed from thence towards *Troy*, and prior to him *Theseus*, in order to punish *Minos* for the death of *Androgeus*.

‘ But *Themistocles*, when he had obtained the government of the Athenians, rendered the *Piræus* a haven, because it appeared to him to be more conveniently situated for sailors, and had three ports, instead of one, which the *Phalerum* contains. And, indeed, even in my time, there were harbours for ships in the *Piræus*; and near the greatest of the three ports the sepulchre of *Themistocles* is situated. For they say, that the Athenians repented of their conduct towards *Themistocles*, and that his kindred took his bones from *Magnesia*, and brought them to this part. The children likewise of *Themistocles* appear to have returned, and to have suspended a picture in the *Parthenon*, in which *Themistocles* himself is painted.

‘ But the temples of *Minerva* and *Jupiter*, together with the brazen statues of these divinities, are the most worthy to be inspected, of every thing which the *Piræus* contains. And *Jupiter* is seen holding a sceptre, and victory, but *Minerva* a spear. In this place, too, *Arcefilaus* painted *Leosthenes* and his children; that *Leosthenes*, who, being the general of the Athenians and the other Greeks, vanquished the Macedonians in *Boeotia*; and afterwards in another battle



he drove them beyond the Thermopylæ, and enclosed them in Lamia, which is situated in a direction opposite to Oeta. There is likewise here a long porch, which serves as a market-place, for those who dwell near the sea; for there is another market-place, for such as are farther distant from the port. But in that part of the porch which is near the sea, Jupiter and the town are represented; and this was the work of Leochares. But towards the sea, Conon built the temple of Venus, after he had vanquished the three-oared galleys of the Lacedæmonians, near Cnidus, in Carica Chersonnesus. For the Cnidians reverence Venus above all the divinities, and have various temples sacred to this goddess. But of these temples, the more ancient is called Doris, the next to this in antiquity, Acræa; and the most recent is called, by the multitude, Cnidia, but the Cnidians themselves denominate it Euplæa.

‘ But the Athenians have other ports besides these; one in Munychia, and this contains the temple of Munychian Diana; but another in Phalerum (as I before observed), and together with this, the temple of Ceres. This port likewise contains the temple of Minerva Sciras, and at some distance from this, the temple of Jupiter, together with the altars of the gods called unknown, of the heroes, and of the children of Theseus and Phalerus. For the Athenians report that this Phalerus was the companion of Jason in the Colchian expedition. There is also the altar of Androgeus the son of Minos; but it is called by the name of the hero, though it is known to be the altar of Androgeus, by such as endeavour to learn the particulars of this country in a manner superior to others. About the distance of twenty stadia from hence, is the promontory Colias, to which place the fragments of the ruined fleet of the Medes were driven by the storm. And here the statues of Venus Colias, and of the goddesses who are called Genetyllides, are contained. But it appears to me that these divinities which are worshipped in Colias, are the same with those goddesses which the Phocensians, a people of Ionia, call the Genniades. But in the way which leads from the Phalerum to Athens, the temple of Juno is situated, which has neither doors nor a roof. It is reported that this temple was burnt by Mardonius the son of Gobryas; but the statue which exists at present, was (it is said) the work of Alcamenes, and this it seems was not injured by the Mede.

‘ But on entering into the city, the first thing which presents itself to the view is the monument of the Amazon Antiope. And this Antiope, according to Pindar, was ravished by Pirithous and Theseus. But Hegias, the Trazenian poet, relates this particular as follows: “ Hercules, when he besieged Themiscyra near the river Thermodon, was not able to accomplish his design; but Antiope falling in love with Theseus (for Theseus was the companion of Hercules in the assault) surrendered to him the town.” And such is the relation of Hegias. But the Athenians relate, that when the  
Amazon

Amazons came into the city, Antiope was slain with an arrow by Molpadia, but that Molpadia was slain by Theseus: and, indeed, the Athenians possess the sepulchre of Molpadia.

‘ But on ascending from the Piræus you may perceive certain ruins of walls, which Conon after the naval battle at Cnidus restored. For those walls which Themistocles raised after the expulsion of the Medes, were thrown down during the dominion of the thirty tyrants. But along this way the tombs of the most noted men are seen; such as of Menander the son of Diopithes, and the empty sepulchre of Euripides. For Euripides was buried in Macedonia, to which place he travelled in order to see king Archelaus. But as to the manner of his death, the general report concerning it may be admitted as true. And poets, indeed, as it appears, have lived with kings. For prior to Euripides, Anacreon was the familiar of Polycrates the Samian tyrant; Æschylus and Simonides betook themselves to Hiero of Syracuse; Philoxenus associated with Dionysius, who afterwards tyrannized in Sicily; and Antagoras the Rhodian, and Aratus Solensis were the familiars of Antigonus, king of the Macedonians. But as to Hesiod and Homer, they either were not fortunate enough to be the companions of kings, or else they voluntarily despised an association with them; the former, perhaps, through the rural life which he embraced, and his unwillingness to travel; but Homer, who had travelled to a prodigious distance, considered the advantage which he might derive from the riches of potentates, as far inferior to general renown. Though even Homer, in his poems, represents Demodocus as the familiar of Alcinous; and relates, that Agamemnon left a certain poet with his wife.’ Vol. i. p. 1.

From the second volume, we shall extract the account given of the phenomena attending earthquakes—

‘ At present too an assembly of Achæians is held in Ægium; after the same manner as that of the Amphictyons at Thermopylæ and Delphos. Proceeding from hence the river Selinus presents itself to the view; and at about the distance of forty stadia from Ægium, the city Helice is situated by the sea, in which formerly the Iones had a most holy temple of Heliconian Neptune. They report, that they venerated this divinity from the time when, being driven from their city by the Achæians, they fled to Athens, and afterwards came from Athens to the maritime coast of Asia. Among the Milesians too, as you go to the fountain Biblias, there is an altar before the city of Heliconian Neptune. In like manner among the Teians there is an inclosure and altar sacred to Heliconian Neptune, which deserve to be inspected. Homer too makes mention of Helice, and Heliconian Neptune. But in after times, when the Achæians drew from this temple certain suppliants that had fled to it for shelter, and slew them, the anger of Neptune was by no means slow to revenge the impiety of the deed. For he not only overthrew the walls and buildings by earthquakes, but razed the very city from its foundations, and this in  
such

such a manner that no vestige of it was left to future times. Indeed, divinity previously signifies by certain usual tokens approaching desolation, when mighty earthquakes are about to take place. For unceasing rains, or dryness of the soil, continue for a great length of time prior to earthquakes. The air likewise every year becomes hot even in winter; and in summer the orb of the sun is either covered with darkness, and is of an unusual colour, or is remarkably red, or tends to a black colour. Besides all this, fountains of water are for the most part dried up, and violent winds tear up trees by their roots. Bodies too are seen running in the heavens, accompanied with abundance of flame: and the stars appear in a shape different from that which they possessed before, and excite great terror in those that behold them. Besides, very powerful vapours rise from the profundities of the earth. And these, and many other signals are given by divinity prior to the desolation produced by violent earthquakes.

‘ This motion, however, is not of one kind only: but those who have investigated this matter the first of all others, and their disciples, inform us that earthquakes are of various kinds; and that the most gentle kind (if we can admit that there is any gentleness in such a violent evil) takes place when, together with the motion now commencing, and with the subversion of houses from their foundations, an opposite motion counteracts the effects of the former, and raises the buildings already buried in the ground. When an earthquake therefore of this kind happens, pillars which have been thrown down are again raised; the parts of walls which have been separated become again united; beams which have been moved out of their proper places are restored to their former situations; and aqueducts, and other conveniences for the reception of water, when their parts have been torn asunder by the violence of the motion, have been again united in a manner beyond what human art is able to accomplish. But the second kind of earthquake takes place when the strongest building falls to the ground, just as if it was thrown down by warlike engines. And the most pernicious of all is that which they assimilate to the breath of a man in a fever, which is impelled upwards with great density and violence; and which is signified by other parts of the body, but particularly by the hands in that place where they join to the arms. In a similar manner this last kind of earthquake, say they, vibrates, when it throws down buildings from their foundations; and resembles the operations of moles in the recesses of the earth. But this kind of motion alone leaves no vestiges of habitations on the ground: and they report, that Helice was shaken from its very foundation with an earthquake of this kind. They farther report too, that, together with this, they suffered the following calamity. During the winter season of the year there was once such an inundation of the sea, that all Helice was surrounded

rounded with it: and the grove of Neptune was so merged under the water, that the tops of the trees alone could be seen. At the same time too the god shaking the earth on a sudden, and the sea pouring on the land, from the combined force of these two, the city with all its inhabitants was buried under the inundating waves. A similar calamity was the total destruction of the city Midea: and another city in Sipylus was swallowed up in an opening of the ground. But from that part of the mountain from which the city was torn, water afterwards burst forth, and the chasm became a lake, which was called Saloe. The ruins too of the city might be seen in the lake, before they were covered with the water of a torrent. You may also perceive the ruins of Helice, but no longer in the same manner as before, because they are now corrupted by the salt water.

‘ Helice, however, is not the only example of the anger of divinity, for the violation of suppliants, but many other cities have suffered on the like account. The divinity in Dodona, too, appears to have exhorted men to reverence suppliants. For the following oracle was given to the Athenians in the time of Aphidas: “Carefully attend to the hill of Mars, and the odoriferous altars of the Furies, because it is necessary that the Lacedæmonians oppressed by hostile spears should become your suppliants. These neither slay with the sword, nor violate the suppliants: for suppliants are sacred and holy.” This oracle was recollected by the Greeks, when the Peloponnesians attacked Athens, in the reign of Codrus the son of Melanthus. For then the remaining forces of the Peloponnesians departed from the Attic territories, when they understood that Codrus was dead, and were told the manner of his death. For they could no longer hope to obtain the victory, as Codrus had devoted himself, in consequence of an oracle given by the Delphic Apollo. And the Spartans, who had entered within the walls, concealed themselves in the night; but perceiving, as soon as it was day, that they were abandoned by their associates, and that the Athenians were pouring on them from every part, they fled to the Areopagus, and to the altars of the Furies. But then the Athenians dismissed the suppliants without punishment. Some time after this, the Athenian magistrates slew the suppliants of Minerva, who belonged to that faction, which together with Cylon had seized on the tower: but both the party concerned in this slaughter, and all their posterity, were obnoxious to the goddess for this offence. The Lacedæmonians, too, who had cut off the men that fled to the temple of Neptune in Tænarus, were not long after afflicted with such a continued and violent earthquake, that there was not a house in Lacedæmon that was able to stand the shock.’ Vol. ii. p. 237.

The description of the cave of Trophonius, in the third volume, will be interesting to our readers—

‘ The



‘ The Phocenses border on the Orchomenians in that part which is near the mountains: but Lebadea borders on them in that part in which the plains are situated. This city was formerly built in the more elevated part of the country, and was called Midea from the mother of Aspledon. But when Lebadus came from Athens, and settled here, the inhabitants descended into the plains, and from him the city was called Lebadea. They neither however know who his father was, nor on what account he came hither. They only know that his wife was Nice. This city is adorned in every respect similar to the most flourishing cities of Greece. The grove of Trophonius is separated from it: and they say that Hercyna, playing in this place with the daughters of Ceres, unwillingly let a goose fall out of her hands, which afterwards fled into a cavern, and concealed itself under a stone: that Proserpine came into the cavern, and took the bird from under the stone: and that in the place where she had moved the stone water burst forth, which became a river, denominated from this circumstance Hercyna. Near the banks of this river there is a temple of Hercyna; and in it there is a statue of a virgin holding a goose in her hands. The fountains of the river are in the cavern, together with statues in an upright position: and dragons are rolled round the sceptres of these statues. Any one would be inclined to conjecture, that these are the statues of Æsculapius and Hygia; but they may be the statues of Trophonius and Hercyna, as they are of opinion, that dragons are no less sacred to Trophonius than to Æsculapius. Near the river too there is a sepulchre of Arcefilaus. They say that Leitus brought the bones of Arcefilaus from Troy. But the most remarkable particulars in the grove are a temple of Trophonius, and a statue, which may be conjectured to be that of Æsculapius. This statue was made by Praxiteles. There is also a temple here of Ceres Europa: and in the open air there is a temple of Jupiter Pluvius.

‘ As you ascend to the place from which the oracle is given, and pass on to the anterior part of the mountain, you will see a temple of Proserpine the huntress and Jupiter the king. This temple, either through its magnitude, or through unceasing wars, was left half finished. In another temple which stands here there are statues of Saturn, Juno, and Jupiter. There is also in this place a temple of Apollo. With respect to what pertains to this oracle, when any one desires to descend into the cave of Trophonius, he must first take up his residence for a certain number of days in a building destined to this purpose. This building is a temple of the Good Dæmon, and of Good Fortune. While he stays here he purifies himself in other respects, and abstains from hot baths. The river Hercyna is used by him for a bath: and he is well supplied with animal food from the victims which are sacrificed. For he who descends hither, sacrifices to Trophonius and his sons; to Apollo, Saturn, and Jupiter the king; to Juno the chariot driver, and to Ceres,

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whom

whom they call Europa, and who they say was the nurse of Trophonius. A diviner is present to each of the sacrifices, who inspects the entrails of the victims, and while he beholds them, prophesies whether or not Trophonius will propitiously receive the person who consults him. The other victims do not in a similar manner disclose the mind of Trophonius: but each person who descends to him, sacrifices on the night in which he descends, a ram in a ditch, invoking at the same time Agamedes. They pay no regard to the former entrails, even though they should be favourable, unless the entrails of this ram are likewise auspicious. And when it happens that the entrails thus correspond in signification, then the person that wishes to consult Trophonius descends with good hope, and in the following manner: The sacrificers bring him by night to the river Hercyna; there they anoint him with oil; and two boys belonging to the city, each about thirteen years old, and whom they call Mercuries, wash him, and supply him with every thing necessary.

‘ He is not immediately after this led by the sacrificers to the oracle, but is first brought to the fountains of the river, which are very near to each other. Here he is obliged to drink of that which is called the water of Lethe, that he may become oblivious of all the former objects of his pursuit. Afterwards he must drink of another water, which is called the water of Mnemosyne, or memory, that he may remember the objects which will present themselves to his view on descending into the grove. Having therefore beheld the statue, which they say was made by Dædalus (and which the priests never shew to any but those who desire to consult Trophonius), performed certain religious ceremonies, and prayed, he proceeds to the oracle clothed in white linen, begirt with fillets, and having on his feet such slippers as are worn by the natives of this place. The oracle is above the grove in a mountain, and is inclosed with a wall of white stone, whose circumference is very small, and whose altitude is not more than two cubits. Two obelisks are raised on this wall, which, as well as the zones that hold them together, are of brass. Between these there are doors: and within the inclosure there is a chasm of the earth, which was not formed by nature, but was made by art, and is excavated in according proportion with consummate-accuracy and skill. The shape of this chasm resembles that of an oven. Its breadth, measured diametrically, may be conjectured to be about four cubits. Its depth does not appear to me more than eight cubits. There are not steps to its bottom: but when any one designs to descend to Trophonius, they give him a ladder, which is both narrow and light. On descending into this chasm, between its bottom and summit there is a small cavern, the breadth of which is about two spans, and its altitude appears to be about one span.

‘ He, therefore, who descends to the bottom of this chasm lays himself down on the ground, and holding in his hand sops mingled with honey, first of all places his feet in the small cavern, then hastens

to join his knees to his feet; and immediately after the rest of his body contracted to his knees, is drawn within the cavern, just as if he was hurried away by the vortex of the largest and most rapid river. But those that have descended to the adytum of this place are not all instructed in the secrets of futurity in the same manner. For one obtains this knowledge by his sight, and another by his hearing: but all return through the same opening, and walk backwards as they return. They say no one that descended here ever died in the chasm, except one of the spear-bearers of Demetrius, who would not perform any of the established religious ceremonies, and who did not come hither for the purpose of consulting divinity, but that he might enrich himself by carrying the gold and silver from the adytum. It is also said, that his dead body was thrown up by a different avenue, and not through the sacred opening. Other reports are circulated about this man, but those which I have mentioned appear to me to be the most remarkable. When the person that descended to Trophonius returns, the sacrificers immediately place him on a throne, which they call the throne of Mnemosyne, and which stands not far from the adytum. Then they ask him what he has either seen or heard, and afterwards deliver him to certain persons appointed for this purpose, who bring him to the temple of Good Fortune, and the Good Dæmon, while he is yet full of terror, and without any knowledge either of himself, or of those that are near him. Afterwards, however, he recovers the use of his reason, and laughs just the same as before. I write this, not from hearsay, but from what I have seen happen to others, and from what I experienced myself, when I consulted the oracle of Trophonius. All too that return from Trophonius are obliged to write in a table whatever they have either heard or seen: and even at present the shield of Aristomenes remains in this place, the particulars respecting which I have already related.' Vol. iii. p. 91.

Having given these specimens of the work, it will be unnecessary for us to say much on the style. The English reader— notwithstanding the remark on the connective particles in the Preface—will not be easily reconciled to the perpetual repetition of them, and he might fairly ask, whether the translator, if he were to describe England, would make use of such a style; and, if he would not, whether it was at all necessary to put Pausanias into so uncouth a garb? Besides we will venture to say that the practice of the translator, in many places, by no means justifies his attention to the minutiae of literal translation in others: if the particle *de*, so frequent in the Greek language, and redundant in our own, is to be thus obtruded on us, why should the particle *μεν* be disgraced, and left without its appropriate word in the English? Let the translator be consistent with himself: if he is partial to literal translation,—than which, in

our opinion, there cannot be a greater injustice done to an original writer,—let him throughout be attentive to it: but if he can in many places give us the spirit rather than the letter of his author, let him not be minutely attentive to a particle which renders his translation lame and imperfect. In all cases the idioms of the two languages are to be consulted: the nearer we can get to literal translation from one language, without destroying the idiom of the other, the better, in our judgment, the translation: but to offend against the idiom of a language from a desire of introducing a peculiarity in the other, is not to do justice to an author, who would doubtless wish that his sentiments should be conveyed in the manner most likely to be understood and approved of by his readers. We are tempted to believe that the translator is very much inclined to be of our opinion, and that in the progress of his work he became sensible of the impropriety of attending so closely to these minutiae; for the connective particles appear less frequent as we approach to the conclusion; and, in spite of himself, the character of the English language gets the better of the translator's prejudices.

We are assured in the Preface to this work, that the translation 'is not made from the Latin, French, Italian, or indeed any language but the Greek;' and we are told, that, by comparing it with the Greek, any one but a malevolent critic may be easily convinced that it is not made from the Latin; and the translator's ignorance of the modern languages is said sufficiently to justify him from the insinuation of deriving any assistance from that quarter. We should not have been at all displeased with the borrowing of assistance from a modern translation, as in many places a difficulty may be got over by consulting the learned of other nations. That this translation is not made from the Latin, we readily allow; for, if the Greek page had not been before the translator, the connective particles would certainly not have been so frequently introduced: but at the same time we must think that if the Latin translation had not also been laid open before the translator, many passages would have been rendered in a very different manner. We are sensible of the difficulty of proving such a point to any one who does not give himself the trouble of comparing the Latin and English translations together, and also with the original; for in taking select passages, it may be said that the same thought and turn of expression might strike both translators: *συνισαν, παρην, συγγενισθαι*, are translated by *tenes* of the verbs, *vivere, familiaris esse, familiaritates nancisci*;—in the first extract which we have given, in the account of the poets, will be found, corresponding to these words, the terms *to live, to be the familiars, and to be the companions*:—now, who can take upon himself to



say that the word *familiar* might not have occurred to the translator without having referred to the Latin; though we are not accustomed to make use of such a term, in speaking of the introduction of natives or foreigners to the courts of our princes? Ες Συρακους πρὸς Ἱερὸν Ἀισχυλὸς καὶ Σίμωνις ἐβόλησαν, in the same paragraph, is translated, 'Æschylus and Simonides betook themselves to Hiero of Syracuse,' which in the Latin is, ad Hieronem Syracusas Æschylus et Simonides se contulere; now, if there was not a variety of similar instances, we should hardly think the conjecture justifiable, that in this passage the translator's eye glanced upon the words *se contulere*. In speaking of the return of a person from the cave of Trophonius, the original says, ἀποστρέψαι δὲ ὀπίσω ὡς καλαβασὶ διὰ στόμας ἢ ἐπὶ τῇ αὐτῇ, καὶ προεβούλων σφισίων ποδῶν, which in the Latin is rendered; per eandem fauces patet omnibus reditus; in pedes vero retro-grediuntur: and in the English translation we have it, 'but all return through the same opening and walk backwards as they return,' in which, unless we have mistaken the meaning of the original, the translator was led astray by the Latin. We cannot discover any thing to countenance the idea that the persons walked backwards on their return; nor, on reading the translation only, can we discover how a man is to get through the hole either way, for we are told it is only two spans broad and one high, which, according to English ideas, seems too narrow a space for the generality of human shapes. The fact seems to be, that on their return they placed themselves exactly in the same manner as they did on entrance: they went in feet foremost, were carried through in a prodigiously rapid manner by some contrivance of the priests; and on returning they lay down on the ground, — καὶ προεβούλων σφισίων ποδῶν, and with their feet foremost, were rapidly conveyed again to the mouth of the aperture.

In thus venturing to declare our opinion that the translator consulted at times the Latin version, we would not by any means wish it to be inferred that he did not, according to his declaration, translate from the Greek. On the contrary, besides the use of the connective particles, many other proofs might be given to corroborate his testimony; and we will say farther, that however great may be the knowledge of the Greek language in some whose censures the translator seems to dread, they would not, we think, undertake the translation of such a work in so short a time, — or if they did, could not present it to the public without suffering greatly under the severity of criticism. Pausanias does not indeed deserve the greatest pains to be bestowed on him; for he is not, by any means, an elegant writer: yet ten months are too small a time for such a task; and, if the translator could have doubled the period, he

would have done more justice to himself,—to his author,—and to the public. At present, we can say only that he has done more than could have been expected from him, and that if he had not been so rapid in his movements, we should have thought it right to employ more time in selecting passages, and exercising on them the severity of criticism.

The notes throughout manifest that the writer is very conversant with the philosophical writings of the ancients,—more so indeed than the greater part of authors on these subjects; and at the same time he is possessed with a due degree of zeal for that system which appears to him to be founded on truth. We differ indeed entirely in opinion from him on the foundation of his mythology:—we can see traces in the Hindoo,—the Mahometan,—the Romish doctrines,—of the same spirit to accommodate the superstition of the times to better notions of philosophy; yet we cannot on that account attribute philosophical notions to the founders or propagators of each superstition. In the heathen religion we see an accumulation of fables, arising from various sources in different countries; they became the established faith of extensive districts;—they were not in many places to be attacked openly with impunity;—the philosophers therefore endeavoured to make the best of the circumstances in which they were placed; and in later times, particularly when the persecuting spirit of the Christians, then vested with supreme authority, was calumniating the ancient religion, and was overwhelming its professors with every species of cruelty,—the philosophers, from an aversion to this new sect, endeavoured by all means to soften the prejudices against the faith of their ancestors, and to prove, that if in many places it might have been debased by superstitious rites, yet still it was founded in general on speculations which led to a virtuous and devout conduct. As far as it is an object in these days to investigate the mysterious rites of the ancients, and the explanation given of them by the Platonists, considerable information may be derived from the work before us, and others composed on the same subject, by the same author: and as he seems to be indefatigable in his researches, the English reader will shortly be in possession of every argument which can be advanced in favour of such speculations. We should recommend, however, both to the writer and the reader, to attend particularly to the times in which a fable is supposed to have been introduced, and the different explanations that are given of it. We must not confound together Homer and Palæphatus, Plato and Proclus; we must distinguish between the conceptions of a rude, ignorant, and almost savage people, and the refinements of an age instructed by the arts and embellished with philosophy: we must make different allowances for the jugglers of  
America,

America, and the philosophical adept in the Eleusinian mysteries.

On the fable that Theseus was once bound by Pluto and liberated by Hercules, we have, in a note, a concise account given of the nature of souls, from which the sublimity of the heathen mythology, according to our author, may be inferred—

‘ It appears to me, that the great confusion and absurdity with which modern explanations of the fables of the ancients are replete, may be ascribed to the two following causes: the want of ability to distinguish in the same person, history from fable; and ignorance of the secret meaning of ancient fable. Thus, in the present instance, most of the moderns would, I am persuaded, consider this story about Theseus, as at bottom merely historical, though it is in fact one of those ancient fables which are replete with the most philosophical and mystic information. At present, indeed, it does not seem to be even suspected by any one, that the theology of the Greeks, when viewed in its genuine purity, is a thing the most sublime and scientific that the mind of man can possibly devise; and that consequently, as the Grecian fables are the progeny of this theology, they cannot fail of being remarkably scientific and sublime. That the reader therefore, whose mental eye is not so darkened by oblivion, as to exclude all possibility of recovering the use of it, in the present life, may be convinced of the truth of the preceding observations, let him attend to the following information derived from the philosophy of Pythagoras and Plato.

‘ There are three orders of souls which are the perpetual attendants of the gods. The first of these orders angels compose; the second, *dæmons*; and the third, heroes. But as there is no vacuum either in incorporeal or corporeal natures, but on the contrary, profound union, it is necessary, in order to accomplish this, that the last link of a superior order should coalesce with the summit of one proximately inferior. Hence therefore, between essential heroes, who perpetually attend the gods, and are consequently impassive and pure, and the bulk of human souls who descend with passivity and impurity, it is necessary there should be an order of human souls, who descend with impassivity and purity. These souls were called by the ancients with great propriety heroes, on account of their high degree of proximity and alliance to such as are essentially heroes. Hercules, Theseus, Pythagoras, Plato, &c. were souls of this kind, who descended into generation both to benefit other souls, and in compliance with that necessity by which all natures inferior to the perpetual attendants of the gods are at times obliged to descend. The characteristics of these heroic souls are, grandeur of action, elevation, and magnificence: and Plato in his *Laws* says, that we ought to venerate them, and perform funeral sacrifices in honour of their memory. They are too of an undefiled nature when compared with other human souls,

than whom they are likewise far more intellectual. They have much of an elevated nature, and which is properly liberated from an inclination to matter. Hence they are easily led back to the intelligible world, in which they live for many periods; while, on the contrary, the most irrational kind of souls are either never led back, or this is accomplished with great difficulty, or continues for a very inconsiderable period of time.

But as every god beginning from on high produces his proper series as far as to the last of things, and this series comprehends many essences different from each other, such as angelical, dæmoniacal, heroical, nymphical, and the like, the lowest powers of these orders have a great communion and physical sympathy with the human race, and contribute to the perfection of all their natural operations, and particularly to their procreations. As these heroic souls too have a two-fold form of life, viz. opinionative and cogitative, the former of which is called by Plato in the *Timæus* the circle of difference, and the latter, the circle of sameness, and which are characterised by the properties of male and female;—hence these souls at one time exhibit a deiform power, by energizing according to the masculine prerogative of their nature, or the circle of sameness, and at another time according to their feminine prerogative, or the circle of difference; yet so, as that according to both these energies they act with rectitude, and without merging themselves in the darkness of body. They likewise know the natures prior to their own, and exercise a providential care over inferior concerns, without at the same time having that propensity to such concerns which is found in the bulk of mankind. But the souls which act erroneously according to the energies of both these circles, or which, in other words, neither exhibit accurate specimens of practical or intellectual virtue—these differ in no respect from gregarious souls, or the herd of mankind, with whom the circle of sameness is fettered, and the circle of difference sustains all-various fractures and distortions.

As it is impossible, therefore, that these heroic souls can act with equal vigour and perfection, according to both these circles at once, as this is the province of natures more divine than the human, it is necessary that they must sometimes descend and energize principally according to their opinionative part, and sometimes according to their more intellectual part. Hence, one of these circles must energize naturally, and the other be hindered from its proper energy. On this account heroes are called *ἡμιθεοὶ* demigods, as having only one of their circles illuminated by the gods. Such of these, therefore, as have the circle of sameness unfettered, as are roused to an elevated life, and are moved about it, according to a deific energy—these are said to have a god for their father, and a mortal for their mother, through a defect with respect to the opinionative form of life. But such, on the contrary, as energize without impediment according to the circle of difference, who act with becoming



ing rectitude in practical affairs, and at the same time enthusiastically, or, in other words, under the inspiring influence of divinity—these are said to have a mortal for their father, and a goddess for their mother. And in short, rectitude of energy in each of these circles is to be ascribed to a divine cause, which illuminates, invigorates and excites them in the most unrestrained and impassive manner, without destroying freedom of energy, in the circles themselves, or causing any partial affection, sympathy or tendency in illuminating deity. When the circle of sameness, therefore, has dominion, the divine cause of illumination is said to be masculine and paternal; but when the circle of difference predominates, it is said to be maternal. Hence Achilles acts with rectitude in practical affairs, and at the same time exhibits specimens of magnificent, vehement, and divinely-inspired energy, as being the son of a goddess. And such is his attachment to practical virtue, that even when in Hades, Homer represents him as desiring a union with body, that he may assist his father. While on the contrary Minos and Rhadamanthus, who were heroes illuminated by Jupiter, raised themselves from generation to true being, and meddled with mortal concerns no farther than absolute necessity required.

‘ Theseus therefore, who as well as Hercules was a hero, who energized principally according to an intellectual life, and who was a lover of both intelligible and sensible beauty, may be said to have been bound by Pluto, while he was united with body, because every thing sublunary is under the dominion of this god; and to have been liberated by Hercules, because through his assistance he was led from a sensible to an intellectual life, which has the same relation to a corporeal life, as the light of day to the darkness of night.’  
Vol. iii. p. 228.

The generally received opinion, that the ancient oracles of Greece were nothing more than the tricks of designing priests, seems to us to be well founded; and we conceive that this opinion may be maintained by others than those who are supposed by our translator to be blinded by perfect atheism. We shall leave our readers however to judge of this from a note on a passage in Pausanias, which implies that in ancient times there was a person ‘ who dared to corrupt the oracle of the god.’

‘ There cannot be the least doubt but that the greater part of men of the present day believe the ancient oracles to have been nothing more than the tricks of designing priests; and the remaining part, which is certainly a very small one, will, as it appears to me, ascribe them to the influence of evil spirits. However, as it is a well known fact that most of the oracles ceased when the Christian religion made its appearance, it is impossible that they should have been nothing more than fraudulent tricks: for, if this had been the case, there was a much greater necessity than ever for the exercise of such trick, when

when a new religion started up, diametrically opposite to the old one; nor can any reason be assigned why on this hypothesis the oracles should cease. On the other hand, to say that they were produced by the influence of evil spirits, is just as absurd as to assert that evil is naturally the source of good; for the tendency of the oracles was evidently directed to the good both of individuals and cities, which in numberless instances they were the means of procuring. It may therefore be safely concluded that they were produced by divine influence; and that they ceased when the Christian religion appeared, because the parts of the earth in which the oracles were given then became too impure to receive the prophetic inspiration. For, as we have observed in a former note, there must be a concurrence of proper instruments, times, and places, in order to receive divine influence in a proper manner; so that when all or any of these are wanting, this influence will either be not at all received, or will be received mingled with the delusions of error. But let the reader who desires popular conviction of this important fact, that there was no collusion in general in the ancient oracles, peruse the first book of Cicero de Divinatione; and unless his intellectual eye is dreadfully blinded by the darkness of perfect atheism, which has now spread itself among all ranks of men, he must be at least convinced that they were not produced by the knavery of priests. That the priests indeed were sometimes corrupted, the passage before us of Pausanias, and many other instances which might be adduced, sufficiently prove; but this does not in the least invalidate the existence of divine influence, or the reality of oracular prediction; because the best things always have been and always will be perverted, through the weakness and viciousness of the bulk of mankind. Vol. iii. p. 304.

From the extracts which we have given of this work, we might screen ourselves entirely from the vengeance of the translator, by leaving the judgment of it entirely to our readers; but after the denunciations in the preface, we should conceive that it might be taken as an argument of fear, if we did not at the same time declare our sentiments of the merits or demerits of our author. The translation then appears to us to have been made from the Greek, but with a liberal assistance from the Latin; and in this circumstance alone there is nothing either uncommon or blameable. It is too servilely literal from the attachment to connective particles, though in other respects there is not—(and from the shortness of time employed in the work, who could expect it?)—the strictest attention paid to the literal meaning of every word, or the arrangement of the sentences. The English reader will, on perusing it, make allowances for the style of the original, and of course will not impute many things appearing as blemishes, to the translator; at the same time he must be persuaded, that the idiom of the English

English language might have been better preserved, and that the Grecian might have been set off to greater advantage, if the time and the prejudices of the translator on verbal criticism would have permitted him to exercise a greater freedom in some and greater accuracy in other respects. With these allowances, the English reader will travel with pleasure through Greece, and receive both entertainment and instruction from so accurate a survey made of it by one who seems to have been qualified to investigate the traditions of every place, and note down the things most worthy of inspection. From the notes he will learn the explanations given of the ancient mythology by the later Platonists in general: and if he is rather surprised that in these days any one should be attached to heathen superstition, he will rejoice in the liberty of free discussion, and wish the writer leisure to pursue his inquiries. Thus, if any well-grounded hopes can be raised of the return to heathenism, he will see on what they are founded, and perhaps agree with us, that the writer is mistaken in attributing such fine speculations to the origin of idolatry,—and that these, which he now wishes to establish from the comparison of the opinions of philosophers in various ages,—if they prove much ingenuity,—want a basis in truth,—are founded merely on conjecture, and cannot be embraced but by extreme credulity.

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*The Landscape, a Didactic Poem. In three Books. Addressed to Uvedale Price, Esq. By R. P. Knight. 4to. 7s. 6d. sewed. Nicol. 1794.*

THE laws of taste, though founded on principles far more solid than the laws of fashion, are notwithstanding, like them, subject to the vicissitudes of fancy and caprice. Every prevailing mode, however becoming and agreeable to nature in some lights, has its defects and even absurdities, which are increased when it falls into the hands of the servile copyist. Hence it happens that the improvements suggested by one man of genius are scarcely brought to perfection before another man of genius starts up and tells us they were no improvements at all, and that we have shewn a very bad taste in admiring them. This is the case at present. Mr. Knight is bold enough to attack the system of the great *capability Brown*, as he has been commonly called;—the system of clumps and lawns, and shrubberies,—and to hint his wishes, comparatively at least, for the return of the old avenue and terrace.

‘Hence, hence! thou haggard fiend, however call’d,  
Thin, meagre genius of the bare and bald:  
Thy spade and mattock here at length lay down,  
And follow to the tomb thy fav’rite Brown;

Thy fav'rite Brown, whose innovating hand  
 First dealt thy curses o'er this fertile land;  
 First taught the walk in formal spires to move,  
 And from their haunts the secret Dryads drove;  
 With clumps bespotted o'er the mountain's side,  
 And bade the stream 'twixt banks close shaven glide.' P. 17.

And again—

' Oft when I've seen some lonely mansion stand,  
 Fresh from th' improver's desolating hand,  
 'Midst shaven lawns, that far around it creep  
 In one eternal undulating sweep;  
 And scatter'd clumps, that nod at one another,  
 Each stiffly waving to its formal brother;  
 Tir'd with th' extensive scene, so dull and bare,  
 To heav'n devoutly I've address'd my pray'r,—  
 Again the moss-grown terraces to raise,  
 And spread the labyrinth's perplexing maze;  
 Replace in even lines the ductile yew,  
 And plant again the ancient avenue.  
 Some features then, at least, we should obtain,  
 To mark this flat, insipid, waving plain;  
 Some vary'd tints and forms would intervene,  
 To break this uniform, eternal green.' P. 23.

To this operation of *shaving*, mentioned in both the passages, and frequently alluded to in the course of the work, our author seems to have a peculiar objection:—and no wonder, considering the unfortunate mistake which it seems has been made; for he tells us that these disciples of Mr. Brown

' Shave the goddess whom they come to dress,—

and that, after making professions that they come to *adorn* and *improve* her. Shame upon them! it is impossible to conceive how any lady, much more a goddess, can be worse used than to have her head *shaved* by an operator whom she sent for only to dress her hair:—so insidious a trick deserves the severest reprobation. To be serious, we think Mr. Knight has attacked successfully enough the weak side of the present mode of gardening. His verse is free and spirited, though often careless,—his descriptions lively, and his remarks for the most part founded on taste: but, as a didactic poem, his work is very deficient, and at the same time redundant, for the digressions are frequent, and form near half the poem. Among these we include his eulogium on the Greek artists, and his mysterious comment upon a mysterious text, that Lysippus, the statuary, made men, *not as they were, but as they seemed to be*. Whatever models the ancients may have left us in the other arts, we certainly



certainly cannot learn from them ornamental gardening : and the general principle of *grace*, upon which the author expatiates, is too vague to connect the subjects. There is another inconsistency we cannot but notice. He begins with telling us that the object of his poem is *instruction* in the art of laying out grounds in a picturesque manner, and then proceeds to call for curses on the man who judges in matters of taste by *rules*. If to judge by rules is bad, why make rules? Our author is severe upon Mr. Repton, who suggests many expedients to show the extent of property,—and in return for his proposal of placing the family arms upon the neighbouring mile-stones, advises the hanging up a map of the estate at the porter's lodge. We cannot however but be so far of Mr. Repton's opinion as to think that the *approach* to a noble mansion ought to partake of the magnificence of the place. To stumble unexpectedly upon a palace would not add to the beauty; the near grounds ought to be highly ornamented, to harmonise in any degree with the splendour and expense displayed in the building: and therefore, though we can allow the wood-nymphs, as directed by Mr. Knight, to roughen the thicket,

'To cherish, not mow down, the weeds that creep  
Along the shore, or overhang the steep,  
To break, not level, the slow rising ground,  
And guard, not cut, the fern that shades it round'—p. 32.

it should be only in the more distant scenes; for near the habitations of man, and especially of opulent, cultivated man, we are gratified in meeting—not roughness, but smoothness,—not weeds, but flowers,—not neglect, but convenience and elegance. If the lawn near the house be faulty, it is perhaps because it is not ornamented enough, only that the delicious repose for the eye, and softness to the foot, of the smooth velvet turf is so peculiarly favoured by our climate, that it would be pity not to enjoy it in perfection. For the dotted clumps and the serpentine shrubbery, we have not so much to offer. As to our author, he begins to curse again on the very mention of the latter—

'Curse on the shrubbery's insipid scenes!  
Of tawdry fringe encircling vapid greens;  
Where incongruities so well unite,  
That nothing can by accident be right;  
Thickets that neither shade nor shelter yield;  
Yet from the cooling breeze the senses shield:  
Prim gravel walks, through which we winding go,  
In endless serpentines that nothing show;  
Till tir'd, I ask, Why this eternal round?  
And the pert gard'ner says, 'Tis pleasure ground,

This

This pleasure ground! astonish'd, I exclaim;  
To me Moorfields as well deserve the name:  
Nay, better; for in busy scenes at least  
Some odd varieties the eye may feast,  
Something more entertaining still be seen,  
'Than red-hot gravel, fring'd with tawdry green.' p. 63.

In the third book various trees are agreeably characterised :  
—he bids the improver spread around

' The rich, high-clustering oak :  
King of the woods ! whose tow'ring branches trace  
Each form of majesty, and line of grace ;  
Whose giant arms, and high-imbower'd head,  
Deep masses round of clust'ring foliage spread,  
In various shapes projecting to the view,  
And cloath'd in tints of nature's richest hue ;—  
Tints, that still vary with the varying year,  
And with new beauties ev'ry month appear ;  
From the bright green of the first vernal bloom,  
To the deep brown of autumn's solemn gloom.' p. 54.

We were not sorry to find that the *beech*, so stigmatised by  
Mr. Gilpin, had found an advocate in our author.

' Let the light beech its gay luxuriance shew,  
And o'er the hills its brilliant verdure strew :  
No tree more elegant its branches spreads ;  
None o'er the turf a clearer shadow sheds ;  
No foliage shines with more reflected lights ;  
No stem more vary'd forms and tints unites :  
Now smooth, in even bark, aloft it shoots ;  
Now bulging swells, fantastic as its roots ;  
While flick'ring greens, with lightly scatter'd gray,  
Blend their soft colours, and around it play.' p. 55.

In the passage that follows, where various kinds of trees are  
contrasted, we think the name of the *mountain ash* is very in-  
elegantly changed for the *whitney*. The cedar of Libanus,—  
which, when old, extends its branches horizontally one over  
another like a roof, so that no rain can penetrate,—is described  
with very picturesque effect. The poem concludes—as most  
poems we have read of late do conclude—with the French re-  
volution.

The beautiful lines in this poem lead us to wish that Mr.  
Knight would put again upon the file those that are neglected  
or prosaic, of which there are not a few. *Cockney* is an epi-  
thet rather too low to be introduced into poetry :—there is a  
harsh elision in the following line—

' That has not first been *nat'raliz'd* by use.'

The same rhymes sometimes occur too near together.

This

This poem is accompanied with two plates, one of which represents the shaven lawn, the formal serpentine, the smooth banks, the Chinese bridge, the dotted clump rising immediately from the even turf,—and the other, the same grounds in the state more approaching to nature, which Mr. Knight approves. There is another plate of an antique brass cup, in which we are not connoisseurs enough to discover all the beauties which it seems we ought to see in it.

The Landscape is dedicated to Mr. Uvedale Price, from whose publication on the same subject the ideas are mostly taken.

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*An Account of the Colony of Sierra Leone, from its first Establishment in 1793. Being the Substance of a Report delivered to the Proprietors. Published by order of the Directors. 8vo. 4s. Boards. Philips. 1795.*

THE Sierra Leone Company has been established about two years; and the late destruction of their property by the French renders an account of their actual situation and expectations important to the proprietors, and to the well-wishers of this novel institution. But we are sorry to remark that this report—which was first read at the general court, March, 1794—is upon the whole rather unfavourable:—the candour of the directors who drew it up has not allowed them to extenuate losses or apologise for errors; and it consequently contains a statement not of the most encouraging kind. Many misfortunes and accidents have retarded the establishment of the colony;—yet amidst a fair detail of these, we find the same spirit of enterprise which suggested the plan, holding forth hopes of future success.

As there is not much in this part of the report which is interesting to the public at large, we shall advert to the article of *expenses* only, which have been enormous. The expenses of first establishing the colony amounted to 82,620*l*. The capital stock of the company is 242,899*l*. from which if the above sum of 82,620*l*. be taken, there remains 160,279*l*. to be accounted for; which is done in the following manner:—

|   |            |
|---|------------|
| The dead stock, that is, the buildings belonging to the company, the lands, and articles for the defence of the colony, amount to | £. 24,685. |
| The capital invested in trade is  | 27,400.    |
| And the property belonging to the company placed at interest, or invested in the public securities, is                            | 108,194.   |
|   | Total      |

Total remaining effects of the company,  
the dead stock at Sierra Leone included,  
on the 1st of March, 1793,

£. 160,279.

The directors allow that these expenses are extremely great, and very far exceeding every idea which the proprietors can be supposed to have formed of their probable extent; and they proceed to state, that

• The extraordinary magnitude of them has been owing to a variety of unforeseen circumstances, which, though already touched upon in the preceding narrative, the directors will shortly recapitulate. They appear principally to be the following:

• First, the inefficiency of the original body of counsellors, who gave occasion to great irregularity in the outset of the colony, and it is to be feared also, to much prodigality and waste.

• Secondly, the sickness and mortality of the first rainy season, which not only suspended for a time almost all the industry of the colony, but likewise tended to aggravate, in various ways, several chief heads of expense.

• Thirdly, the unproductiveness of the land adjoining the town, which by diminishing the means of present support to the colonists, has necessarily thrown an increased weight of expense upon the company.

• Fourthly, the burning of the York, a misfortune of the first magnitude, if considered in a pecuniary light.

• Fifthly: one further circumstance remains to be mentioned, namely, the breaking out of the war; an event, which besides putting the company to the expense of furnishing additional protection to the settlement, has raised the cost of the European articles carried thither to a considerable degree; which has therefore increased the expense of living at Sierra Leone, has tended to prevent the decrease that might have been looked for in the price of labour, and has thus enhanced the charge of prosecuting those public works in which the company, at a more early period, thought proper to engage. The directors might also notice a number of other disadvantages to which the company has been subjected by the war; such as the long detention which it has occasioned to some of their vessels, and the difficulty and expense of procuring and maintaining sailors: the uncertainty which the war has caused in the transmission of intelligence, may also be stated both as a pecuniary disadvantage and a very material inconvenience.

• Having thus enumerated the principal unforeseen causes whereby the charges of establishing the colony have been aggravated, the directors wish to notice two particular heads of expense in the preceding account, which have exceeded their expectation very considerably indeed: they allude to the charge of £. 20,000 for provisions, and that of £. 17,840 for maintenance of such part of the company's



pany's shipping, as has been applied to the protection and use of the colony.

'The directors have the satisfaction of observing, that of these two chief heads of charge, the former has now entirely, and the latter has very nearly, ceased; and they wish to inform the general court, that they are using their best endeavours to put a period in like manner to all expenses, except those which either fall under the head of trade, and cultivation on the company's own account, or belong to the annual establishment. They trust indeed that the reduction of expenses which they have been aiming at, is now nearly effected; and that while the chief difficulties of the colony are subsiding on the one hand, the company's burthen in supporting it is ceasing also on the other.' P. 42.

The report then details the situation of the colony more particularly, under the several heads, **HEALTH,—TRADE,—NAVIGATION,—and CIVILISATION.**

The first of these—**HEALTH**—is treated in a manner that leaves the question altogether undecided. The *facts* brought forward are rather against the healthiness of the place: but the directors think it reasonable to expect, that in proportion as cultivation advances, and all the accommodations of life improve, the same gradual amendment will take place in the healthiness of this colony, which has been experienced in other cases.

From a variety of unforeseen circumstances, the **TRADE** of the company has made very little progress. Under this head, therefore, the directors confine themselves to the orders given and the steps taken with a view to its institution, rather than to report much actual progress. The following paragraph shows that there was something peculiarly untoward in the fortune of this company.

'The irregularity that prevailed in the commercial department, was much aggravated by the illness of almost all the persons employed in it. The sickness of the chief store-keeper was such that he was obliged to return to England; the chief accountant died; the chief commercial agent, who has been already spoken of, died also, without having rendered up any regular accounts; several inferior store-keepers, as has been mentioned under the preceding head, fell victims to the severe duty which the difficulties of this period imposed on them; and the persons who, through the necessity of the case, were appointed on the spot to fill the vacancies, were little used to book-keeping; one person alone remained (the present book-keeper) who was properly acquainted with mercantile business.' P. 54.

Notwithstanding these difficulties, the directors hope they  
C. R. N. ARR. (XIV.) July, 1795. Z have

have acquired some credit in Africa: and however slow their progress, they trust that they have laid some foundation, on which a commercial intercourse may advantageously proceed. They remark, also, that they look forward to the period of the abolition of the slave-trade, as the great æra when a considerable commerce in African produce may be expected to commence.

On the subject of CULTIVATION, the directors have not been able to advance much: it seems, however, not improbable that the lands of that continent may be cultivated by the free labour of its own inhabitants. An account is given here of a plantation undertaken for the company, which favours the idea very much: but the necessity for abolishing the slave-trade still recurs.

Under the head CIVILISATION, the directors include the mode of government exercised in the settlement, and the character of the settlers; they describe the miserable state to which it appears, from the testimonies afforded at Sierra Leone, that the natives of Africa have been reduced through their intercourse with Europeans; and give an account of the steps which have been taken to introduce Christianity and civilisation among the Africans. Their government is as nearly as possible conducted on the principles of the British constitution; the trial by jury has been introduced, and is well understood and prized by the colonists. With regard to the enormities of the slave-trade, many instances are here given of the disgraceful practices of the kidnappers and the traders; every kind of wickedness is perpetrated to gain a supply of slaves for the annual ships, and war is one of the most frequent expedients. But these facts have been ascertained in such a variety of publications, that this part of the report has few of the charms of novelty. The following extract, however, shows what respect some British officers have for the honour of their country and the principles of justice.

“ I must mention some proceedings of a British commander in this part, that seem to me of a most nefarious nature. A number of black mariners had been hired to assist in navigating some French ships trading on this coast: six of the ships have been captured, and the black sailors found on board, amounting to nineteen in number, though they were free men, and receiving wages, have been all sold for slaves, one mulatto child only excepted. It is painful to witness such horrid acts of injustice. Why are not the French seamen put up to auction in the same ignominious manner? Or why is this difference between black men and white? The captured French sailors were at war with us, and they are not sold; but the blacks are all sent to the slave-factory and sold at public auction, together with the goods that formed the cargo: one or two of them were free men

men of this neighbourhood, and some of them were not only free, but they are the sons of chiefs; one of them son of the king of Salum. It is true the British slave-factor who bought them, was so good as to say that he would forbear to send them off the country, so that their friends might redeem them whensoever they thought fit to send other slaves in their room. I am disposed to believe his professions, but at the same time it is dreadful to think of the contempt that is here shewn to justice. I would not allow myself at first to believe what I heard on this subject; but I saw them knocked down myself, at the price of about twenty pounds a piece."

— "Another French ship has been made a prize (by a different captor), and three or four free natives found on board have been sold to the neighbouring slave-factory. We remonstrated with the captain who took her, on the impropriety of selling free people. He admitted it, but said he must receive some money for their ransom, or he could not think of parting with them. We upon this offered him money, but he then said no, he must have slaves in their place, as he was in want of slaves, and that they must be four feet four inches high."

'Another instance is mentioned of the sale of several free women, who were found on board a French ship that was captured, having been left there as pledges. The captain of the British privateer who took the ship was formerly a slave-trader.

'The free Africans sold by the several captors of the above-mentioned French vessels, were most of them eventually redeemed, being natives of the neighbouring coast. The captors however seem to have profited by their sale, and to have taken no part in promoting their redemption.' p. 116.

Many other instances are given, which too plainly prove that the Europeans become easily familiar with the vilest atrocities committed in Africa,—tolerate them in their minds,—and accommodate their feelings to them. The most extraordinary of these is given at the conclusion of this part of the report—

'The directors will close this long enumeration of those general enormities of the slave-trade, which have been brought to light through the establishment of the present colony, by giving a brief history of the origin, progress, and end of an European slave-trader, who lately died at one of the neighbouring islands to Sierra Leone, after a long residence on the coast, and who appears to have attained to a degree of ferocity and hardness of heart proportionate in some measure to his successes in this bloody traffic. As this man appears to have neither friend nor connection left, the directors will think themselves under no obligation to use any concealment on the subject. His name was Ormond; he went out from England about thirty-five years ago, in the capacity of cabin-boy to a slave-ship, and was retained as an assistant in a slave-factory on the Sierra Leone river: in process of time he set up a factory for himself, in a neighbouring part towards the north, and though unable to write or read,

he grew nevertheless to be so expert and accomplished a slave-trader that he realized, as it is supposed, about thirty thousand pounds sterling. His cruelties were almost beyond belief. Two persons, who seem to have had good means of information, have given the following account of them. "One of these persons, who had lived for some time near to him, said, he knew it to be a fact that it was his common practice to kill all his unsaleable slaves, by tying a stone to their necks, and drowning them in the river during the night." Nor was his cruelty confined to blacks; "being offended by a white agent, or clerk, on one Christmas-day, while drinking freely with some company, he ordered his slaves to tie up the European, and then gave him with his own hands four hundred lashes. The white factor died a few days after." The other person who spoke of this slave-trader agreed as to his general character for barbarity, and mentioned his having heard the following instance of it from an eye witness, namely, "that Ormond having caught a black wife of his in a criminal connection with one of his slaves, he tied them together to a tar barrel, set it on fire, and in this manner burnt them both to death." It is observable also, that this savage by no means fell short of the natives of Africa in the degree of heathenish superstition to which he had attained; he had the same firm trust with them in grigris, or charms, was subject to silly superstitious fears, and had the usual faith in witchcraft. Providence having thus permitted this man to become a signal instance of a no less abandoned than successful slave-trader, was pleased to allow that he should experience before he terminated his days the following vicissitude. A few years ago, having lost his health, he went to the Isles de Los (which lie to the northward of Sierra Leone) for the sake of sea air and medical help, having confided all his affairs to a mulatto youth, who was his son. Happening to have recently quarrelled with the Bagos, who are the natives that surround his place of residence, and to have destroyed one of their towns, they took this opportunity to retaliate, and came down in a body to attack and plunder his factory. The slaves of Ormond being not much attached to their master, favoured the Bagos, and the place being taken they shared in the general pillage; the buildings were all burnt; the goods in them, which are said to have amounted to the value of twelve or fifteen hundred slaves (or near thirty thousand pounds) were either destroyed or carried away; young Ormond and all who adhered to him were put to death; old Ormond lived to hear the news, but he died in about a month after.

'The directors have thought it proper to give the character of this man, principally with a view of exhibiting an instance of the great influence of the slave-trade, in destroying the feelings, and depraving the human heart. The same story may serve also to shew, what crimes have been perpetrated with impunity by British subjects in Africa; and of what instruments Great Britain has made use, in carrying on this detestable commerce.

'The



‘ The directors however would by no means be understood to impute to the general body of slave-traders on the coast, atrocities equal to those which have been mentioned ; at the same time they think it right to observe, that other instances might if necessary have been added, which would have exhibited very nearly the same degree of guilt and cruelty.’ P. 135.

The remainder of the report contains various facts and observations relative to the opening prospects of civilisation, to which the disposition of the Africans seems very happily adapted; and many chiefs on the coast are inclined to co-operate in the general designs of the company; some of the paths into the interior of Africa, which had been closed through the wars, have lately been opened; projects of further discovery have been set on foot; and while all these promising circumstances have been taking place, the slave-trade has been materially declining, several factories have been broken up, and many slaves, who have been returned or withheld for want of a market, have been added to the productive labourers. — Subjoined is a short account of the natural productions of Sierra Leone, and a report presented to the company on Thursday Feb. 26, 1795, giving an account of the calamity sustained by the colony, through the depredations made by a French squadron, on the 27th of September, 1794.

From this report it appears that the colonists deemed all resistance vain, and struck their colours as soon as the enemy's ships began to fire upon the town: the firing was continued, however, and a child was killed, and two men severely wounded. Soon after ten o'clock, they landed, and began to pillage, and behaved in the most brutal manner, being obviously incited to this by two American slave-captains; the commander of the squadron would hear nothing in defence of the company, and declared his intention to burn every house in the place belonging to Englishmen. In short, no barbarians ever exerted so savage a spirit. The books of the company's library were scattered about and defaced; and if they bore any resemblance to bibles, they were torn in pieces and trampled upon. In the house of Mr. Afzelius the botanist, the plants, seeds, dried birds and insects, drawings, books, and papers, were scattered in heaps on the floor. All the company's telescopes, barometers, thermometers, and an electrical machine, were broken to pieces. The church was pillaged, the books torn, and the pulpit and clock broken in pieces. Even the apothecary's shop, with every medicine in it, was destroyed. The whole pecuniary loss sustained by the company on this occasion may be computed at about 40,000*l.* exclusive of the buildings destroyed, of which the cost has been about 15,000*l.* The whole pro-

perty of the company now remaining, exclusive of 8000*l.* or 9000*l.* laid out in permanent improvements, is computed by the directors, on a rough calculation, at about 85,000*l.*

The directors give it as their opinion that the commander of this squadron may not have received any regular commission from the present French convention, and that the equipment of it may have been made on the speculation of private individuals (some of them slave-traders) acting as owners of privateers, and not declaring the particular object of its destination. They conclude their report in the following words :

‘ The slave-trade, which notwithstanding the war had in some measure revived, is said to have received a considerable blow from the French squadron ; the whole of the property already known to be captured and destroyed by it being supposed to amount to about 400,000*l.* of which much the greater part was engaged in that pernicious traffic : some commercial advantages, as well as opportunities of increasing the company’s influence, may possibly be the consequence of this destruction of European property on the neighbouring coast.

‘ The directors cannot forbear repeating in this report, that they trust both for the honor of Great Britain and the cause of humanity, as well as the interests of the Sierra Leone company, that the æra of the termination of the trade in slaves is approaching ; and they reflect with satisfaction that the maintenance of an establishment already formed in the most convenient spot in Africa, with the direct view of promoting real commerce, and aiding the natural progress of civilization, may prove hereafter material, not only as it respects the proprietors of the Sierra Leone company, but as a matter of national policy.

‘ The directors have thus stated the grounds on which they are encouraged to persevere : they shall endeavour to contract both the risk of the company and its expenses, on the principles which have been spoken of, at the same time pursuing their main object, in such a manner as neither to relinquish the commercial advantages of which they have got possession, nor so as to suspend in any degree the measures which are necessary to promote the regular and uninterrupted progress of civilization.’ p. 29.

The whole of this account of the colony appears to be drawn up with candour : and while the directors adhere to the principles of their charter, and pursue them with zeal and spirit, there can be little doubt that they will outlive the petty malice of slave-traders, and lay the foundation for an improved state of society.

*A Treatise on Gonorrhœa Virulenta, and Lues Venerea, by Benjamin Bell. (Concluded from Vol. XII. page 45.)*

THE second volume of this work, supplementary to the author's System of Surgery, relates to the general infection, or, as we have endeavoured to shew, to a disease essentially different from gonorrhœa, though formerly confounded with it. This loathsome and dreadful complaint—which saps the foundation of health, undermines the best established constitution, and brings in a little time the young, the active, and robust, to a premature old age, to an early and untimely death—has been so often the theme of the moralist and physician, that little can now be seemingly added. Experience however destroys prejudices, detects the errors of fancied improvements, which a spirit of innovation, rather than scientific investigation, has suggested; and new works, from men enabled, from their situation and their penetration, to observe, will always be acceptable. We have little doubt in adding that the present volume will, on these accounts, be found highly interesting and peculiarly useful. In our situation, we can only catch at a few circumstances, which, from their novelty and extensive application, deserve to be particularly noticed,—objects which claim attention as specious, or deserve to be pointed out as useful.

The symptoms of lues are too well known, and description can scarcely render them more familiar. The first circumstance, which, according to the plan just mentioned, merits our regard, relates to buboes. Our author thinks, in opposition to some able surgeons, and indeed in opposition to what our own experience warrants, that buboes may arise without previous local inflammation or ulcer. What however appears more important, is, that some degree of inflammation is necessary to excite the action of the absorbents, so as to produce these glandular swellings, while too great a degree of inflammation prevents their action. Thus, while we know that violent inflammations are not followed by buboes, it is highly probable that old venereal ulcers are not followed by similar swellings from the opposite cause. This is more probable than Mr. Hunter's opinion, that the matter of these sores is not venereal, or than Mr. Foot's, that a person infected can admit of no farther infection. The distinction of buboes, or rather the characteristic marks which distinguish them from other inguinal swellings, are correctly pointed out.

The venereal sore throat, and venereal ulcers in the mouth and fauces, are well described; but we do not think the distinction between the latter and those ulcers of the mouth and fauces which are owing to the effects of mercury, so easy

as Mr. Bell thinks. The edges are undoubtedly less ragged, and the fores less deep: but degrees are not sufficient for this purpose; and we have found little to depend on, except that the former yield to, and the latter spread in consequence of, the continuance of mercury. The distinction, on the contrary, between venereal and herpetic eruptions, is extremely correct. The outline, it is sufficient to notice: the former terminates in a branny scale; the latter cracks and comes off in a hardened scab. The combination of lues also with scrophula, and the effects of this union, are properly described. We shall extract the distinction, which is at times very difficult, between nodes and swellings from rheumatism.

‘ Besides the tumours we have described, there is still another, by some also improperly termed a node, with which the parts covering the hard bones are not unfrequently attacked in lues venerea. This variety of tumour occurs more early in the disease than nodes, and proceeds most frequently, as I have observed above, from exposure to cold and dampness. It is also distinguished from nodes from its taking place in various parts of the body at once.

‘ The patient at first complains of pains over the whole affected limbs; but he soon finds that one part of each limb is more severely affected than the rest. In the legs this happens about the middle of the tibia and fibula. In the thighs it occurs at the middle of the femur, and in the arms along the whole course of the radius and ulna.

‘ For the most part these pains are considered by the patient as rheumatic; and I have known many instances, even of practitioners being deceived with them. No advantage, however, is obtained from those medicines which usually give relief in rheumatism; and at last the parts from whence the pains chiefly proceed are found to be swelled. But this swelling is very different from that fulness of parts which occurs in rheumatism; and it differs materially from the latter in the parts which it attacks. The rheumatic swelling is chiefly confined to the joints. In very severe cases it no doubt stretches over every part of a limb, but it very commonly originates in the joints: whereas those venereal swellings, although they sometimes stretch towards the joints, they very universally fix upon those parts of the limb that lie between one joint and another. In rheumatism the whole circumference of the limb becomes swelled in nearly an equal degree, while in the other the tumour is circumscribed, being most frequently confined to less than one half of the circumference of the limb; or when one limb is affected in different parts, as often happens in the fore-arm between the elbow and wrist, the seat of each tumour can be very distinctly traced. In the venereal swelling of these parts the tumour is firm, and so deeply seated that on a slight examination it is often supposed to proceed from the bone itself, while that swelling which takes place in rheumatism is of a more compressible nature, and appears



pears even on the slightest examination to be altogether free from the bone beneath.

‘By attention to these circumstances, as well as from the history of the case, we need never be under much difficulty in judging of the nature of these swellings, nor in determining when they are venereal and when of a rheumatic nature. It is a prevailing opinion, that the difference between them is sufficiently marked by the pain in all venereal affections of this kind being particularly severe when the patient is warm in bed, while the contrary is supposed to happen in rheumatism. I have not found, however, that any dependance can be placed upon this; for both are apt to be very differently affected by the same cause in different patients, and even in the same patients at different times.’ p. 117.

Affections of the ligaments, tendons, and fasciæ of the muscles, our author thinks, are not venereal. Venereal affections generally appear on the skin, and they may ultimately affect the subjacent parts. Recent affections however, of the ligaments, &c. are more commonly, in Mr. Bell’s opinion, scrophulous.

A swelling of the testicle Mr. Bell supposes to be a symptom of lues, independent of the communicated or repelled inflammation of gonorrhœa. The pain is violent in the latter,—dull and inconsiderable in the former case; the swelling, from gonorrhœa, begins in the epididymis; from lues, in the body of the testicle.

Of the nature of the venereal virus, little is to be said. Mr. Bell thinks it possesses an assimilating property, and that it affects primarily the fluids. This opinion is highly probable; but to it should be added one circumstance, which the whole history of the animal economy tends to elucidate. When any acrid matter is in the blood, nature attempts to throw it on the secretory organs, in order that it may be completely expelled. In these chiefly we find the poisonous substance; and though we might suppose that it is derived from the blood, we find it only conspicuous in the secretory organs which separate the fluid that has the greatest affinity to the poison. Mr. Bell has however given some decisive instances, where the blood was probably infected. On these and similar points, our author, with propriety and success, combats the opinions of Mr. Hunter.

The chief remedy of lues is mercury. Mr. Bell prefers salivation, and in general salivation by mercurial ointment applied externally by friction. In these respects, our experience goes closely in unison with his. Of the internal medicines, he prefers mercury divided by triture, as in the blue pill of the Edinburgh dispensatory. His chemical views are by no means accurate; but the pharmaceutical observations on the preparation of this pill deserve notice—

‘The

'The preparations of mercury which do least injury to the stomach and bowels are those, as I have already observed, that are obtained by agitation or triture; but even they prove frequently troublesome, and require always a good deal of management. They should never be given in large doses; and as soon as any degree of irritability is induced by them, either in the stomach or intestines, an opiate should be given along with them. Of these preparations, the best and most convenient form is the blue pill of the Edinburgh dispensatory, of which four grains of the mass, which contains one grain of mercury, being given three times a-day, will in most instances affect the mouth in a very short time. Some constitutions indeed require more, but this seldom happens where the mercury has been sufficiently triturated. Wherever much more than this has been given, the mercury either has not been properly triturated, or we may conclude that much of it has passed through the intestines without being absorbed, or that the constitution of the patient resists this effect of mercury.

'Mercurius alkalifatus, and Plenck's solution of mercury in mucilage of gum arabic, are nearly of the same nature with the blue pill, but they are both more apt to purge, particularly the latter, notwithstanding all that Plenck the inventor has said to the contrary. When properly prepared no more mercury should be given in either of these formulæ than in the mercurial pill; and as a much greater quantity is commonly directed, this can only proceed from neither of the preparations being made with sufficient exactness, and from much of the mercury which they contain being left altogether inert by not being truly triturated.

'Many will be surprised at the small doses of these articles which I have mentioned here, as more than double of this is commonly given. It is not uncommon to advise six, seven, or eight of the blue pills daily; and twenty grains of mercurius alkalifatus is recommended for a dose. Now I know from daily experience that the blue pill when properly prepared cannot be given in this quantity. I seldom give more than two pills a day, and very rarely above three; and in each pill, as I have observed, there is exactly one grain of mercury. But the mass from which these are formed is prepared with much attention; they are triturated six or seven hours daily for thirty or forty days; and when the mercurius alkalifatus is properly prepared it proves equally powerful; but it is so difficult to separate the particles of mercury when rubbed with a dry powder, that this preparation is now very generally laid aside. It requires to be rubbed for at least one hundred days, in order to bring all the mercury into a state of activity.' P. 232.

The general effects of mercury are, in Mr. Bell's opinion, stimulant; but, in the cure of lues, he supposes that it acts by a specific quality. After insisting on the very extensive  
and

and active powers of this mineral as an evacuant, we could scarcely have expected the introduction of an occult specific quality; and, after having established, so far as was in his power, this specific effect, the very favourable reports of the antivenereal properties of guaiacum, mezereon, and sarfa, were surprising. If mercury be so general an evacuant,—if other diaphoretics are so generally useful,—we need not rest on the equivocal experiment of a nameless author to seek for another property by which it cures the venereal disease. We mean only to mark the inconsistency in these different parts of the volume, for we are convinced that mercury does act by a specific property; but we do not rely on the evacuating powers of mercury; we have not found either the guaiacum or sarfa useful, but as antiscorbutics or demulcents.

The general remarks on the different preparations of mercury, their advantages and inconveniencies, as well as the conduct of the salivation, are highly judicious. We wish not to abridge them, or captiously to select a few minuter points in which our experience militates against his. To check salivation, Mr. Bell speaks of the effects of astringent washes; but opium, alternated with laxatives, is a powerful and generally useful remedy. In the violent dysenteric purgings induced by mercury, he recommends demulcents, and camphor; but, above all, opium in a clyster:—the last is very generally successful.

Mr. Bell examines the question, whether mercury ever fails in curing the lues. He thinks it does not. Mercury *seems* to fail from the syphilis occurring in scorbutic and scrophulous habits: indeed the long continuance of mercury seems to bring on the former; and these are precisely the situations in which we find the guaiacum and sarfa so advantageous.

‘But the most frequent cause of our failure with mercury in the cure of this disease is that which I have already had occasion to insist upon, our giving it in such small quantities as are not sufficient in the more advanced stages of the disease for eradicating the virus; by which, although the symptoms may all be rendered much milder, or even apparently removed, they either do not entirely disappear, or if they do, are afterwards very apt to recur. This, however, is not the fault of the remedy, but of the method of giving it, and of which all who adopt the practice of giving it in sufficient quantities will be convinced. Since I went into this practice, beside having had many instances of the medicine proving effectual when exhibited in these quantities, where it had previously failed, I have not as yet, and several years have elapsed, had a single instance of its failure, except in such combinations as I have mentioned, or where the constitution was in such a state of debility that a sufficient quantity of mercury could not be employed. But even of these

these very few cases have occurred. I have no hesitation, therefore, in saying that mercury under proper management may, with very few limitations, be considered as a certain remedy for syphilis.' p. 297.

The method of managing the different symptoms of lues in the progressive changes of the disease forms a very interesting part of the volume. Chancres, our author thinks, will not be cured by mercury used internally only; and, when destroyed by a caustic before mercury has been given, buboes most commonly follow. He advises the mercurial course to be continued eight or ten days, before the caustic is applied. Our author is of opinion that mercury may be safely omitted during the separation of the gangrene, if the cancer should mortify. The sore he advises to be kept clean with a wash consisting of a slight solution of corrosive sublimate.

We do not perceive much novelty in the method of treating buboes. Mr. Bell prefers discussion, and directs the mercurial ointment to be applied so that in its course it may pass through the diseased gland. In some instances, he speaks with approbation of making small punctures with a lancet on the bubo, in imitation of the process of nature, in breaking the swelling in minute orifices. In the very painful irritable state of the sore, guaiacum, sarfa, and mezereon, united, are in his opinion useful. As we have observed, the two former have been useless in our hands, though given in stronger decoctions than Mr. Bell directs. The true remedy is opium, which our author recommends, not as an antivenereal,—for to its powers in this respect he trusts little,—but as an anodyne, to lessen or destroy irritation. Muriated barytes he thinks useful in the hard indolent buboes; but this medicine, as it is found in the shops, is little more than a solution of common salts; and its credit will be lost, because the medicine is grossly adulterated.

The chief subject of remark, in the section on venereal ulcers, is the recommendation of the caustic, even when they affect the most important organs; with which an immediate use of mercury in its most active forms must be combined; and the continuance of the mercurial course must not be shortened because the ulcers disappear.—On the other venereal symptoms, we find little to select or to notice.

The disease, as it affects new-born children, is the next object of attention. If the blood is really diseased, the child must be infected in utero; and it must be acknowledged that children are born with venereal symptoms, which must have proceeded from a cause prior to the contact of venereal matter in the birth. It must, we believe, be admitted that the virus exists in the blood, and, notwithstanding the numerous



precautions which nature seems anxiously to take, is really communicated to the child, while yet a fœtus. One proof of this position is the frequent occurrence of abortion where the disease lurks in either parent; which, joined with the very diseased and weakly state of the children of such parents when they are born alive, seems to show that the disease is certainly communicated in utero. It is not necessary, we know, that the lues should appear in the parents by the usual symptoms; for weakly and diseased children are succeeded by robust ones, and abortions prevented by interposing salivation. When the child is infected, mercury given to the mother will not succeed, except in palliating the symptoms. One fourth of a grain of calomel, or a similar proportion of the blue pill, they will bear without inconvenience. But, even when the symptoms have begun to disappear in the child, it will infect a nurse with the most virulent form of syphilis.

The fibbens, a disease of the Highlands, Mr. Bell thinks to be a chronic form of lues. Washes, either mercurial or detergent, he supposes, may be sometimes useful as prophylactics.

Lues venerea has been supposed to produce many other diseases; but, as it is certainly to be cured by mercury, such diseases may consequently be avoided. If a tolerably full salivation has been brought on, and continued in proportion to the violence of the symptoms and the duration of the disease, the patient will probably be safe; but, after insufficient mercurial courses, our author has seen phthisis, asthma, mania, epilepsy, rheumatism, dropsy, and head-ach ensue, — each owing to this cause, and all removed by a properly directed mercurial course.—The appendix contains the formulæ mentioned or recommended by our author, and we shall now conclude our extensive account of these valuable volumes. We have long respected Mr. Bell's talents, and knowledge; but we think he has not raised a fairer and more durable monument of his fame than in the treatise on the lues venerea.

## MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

## P O L I T I C A L.

*Letter from an Officer in India to his Correspondent in England.*

4to, 2s. 6d. Debrett. 1794.

**A**T a time when our trade with India flourishes greatly beyond what it ever did at any former period, and forms indeed the greatest nerve and resource of public revenue, as well as the means of promoting the fortunes of thousands of individuals,—that body of men, by whom our Asiatic settlements, on which the possession of that trade and intercourse depends, have reason to complain of usage unjust, partial, oppressive, and pitifully penurious.—To enter into a detail of their complaints would carry us beyond the limits prescribed by the plan of our Journal. These will be understood pretty clearly by the means or measures proposed for removing them.—The claims of the East India officers are,—1. That the regulation which forbids the advancement of any officer in the company's service above the rank of colonel, be done away, and a reasonable proportion of general officers and field officers be allowed on the India establishment. 2. That a rank be conferred on them more adequate to their situation and responsibility. 3. That they may enjoy, in common with his majesty's officers, the privilege of returning to Europe for a certain time, as on a furlough of three years, without prejudice to rank, or loss of pay, but subject to the resignation of the situation or command annexed,—on their return to India, to be re-admitted on the efficient strength under the present existing regulations. And lastly, that their pay may be continued for life.—These claims are urged by the East India officers in a petition to his majesty, and memorials to the court of directors, with respect, and in a tone of decided firmness. We are happy to understand that they meet with due attention from both his majesty's ministers and the legislature: and their success may be anticipated in their justice,—in the firmness and unanimity of the whole body of East India officers in all the different presidencies,—in the exigency of the times,—and the necessity of uniting all classes and descriptions of British subjects, especially those in military habits and departments, at a moment so awful as the present.

*A Letter to the Prince of Wales, on a Second Application to Parliament, to discharge Debts wantonly contracted since May, 1787. Eighth Edition, with Notes and a Postscript enlarged. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Owen. 1795.*

It is a maxim in the schools, that 'whatever is received is received in proportion to the recipient.' We know not how to account, upon any other principle, for the success of a pamphlet in which

which plain truth and bare-faced scurrility are so blended as to render it difficult for an impartial reader to guess where the one begins and the other ends. The bulk of the public, however,—being irritated by the mention of the prince of Wales's debts, and by the plan, so ill-timed and injudicious, which has been brought forward for the liquidation of them,—were prepared to read any thing with avidity which flattered the passion of the day, and were too much under its influence, to perceive the real intention of the letter-writer.

The facts upon which this author dwells are simply these. In May 1787, a message from the king was delivered to the parliament, on the subject of the prince's debts, which were stated to amount to 193,648*l*. Parliament discharged these debts, and made an addition to the prince's income, who, by the mouth of his royal father, gave what it is not difficult to construe into an assurance, that he would in future avoid contracting such debts. Notwithstanding such promise, the minister of the crown comes forward in April 1795, with a plan to pay off debts contracted since the former period, to the amount of 700,000*l*. This conduct on the part of the prince is the ostensible cause of the present attack, which, as far as regards him only, is managed with skill, and conveyed in a style of poignant censure and asperity, which men in general are much pleased to read when they are not themselves the object. But amidst these irresistible bursts of patriotic zeal, the chief purpose of the letter appears to be to screen the minister from any share of blame in bringing the business before parliament at such a time and in such a manner. If we shall therefore point out the *absurdity* of this attempt, it ought to be remembered that the author has attempted what is in its nature impossible, and what, if it were possible, would be wicked and ridiculous.

As he professes his attachment to the royal family, and his fears lest the conduct of the prince may involve that family in the ruin which has overwhelmed the house of Bourbon, it is curious to observe the manner in which he displays this attachment. He first represents the minister as reduced to a very distressing dilemma by the ruthless junction of prodigality and rapacity: and then he adds that, 'it was impossible that Mr. Pitt could refuse to deliver the message respecting the debts (unjust and ill-timed as it was) without a *direct breach* with his *sovereign*, and the hazard of exposing the country, at a very critical period, to the danger of *another interregnum*.' It has often fallen to our lot, during the present perversion of public opinion, to read that the existence of the ministry and of the constitution are synonymous; but the competition between king George and king Pitt was never before declared in such explicit terms. But lest the author should not be fully understood, he adds, almost in the same page, that 'Mr. Pitt may have acted *prudently*, in hazarding his fame and popularity, in preference to the risk of leaving the country a *second time* without a government. The

concession may have averted a *calamity of much greater extent* than subscribing to, or in other words, encouraging the prince's excesses; but if he has pledged himself to support the unpalatable measure in parliament, with all the credit, *influence* and *authority* of office, he has done more than he ought to have done, and no longer deserves to be the minister of this country.'—Having again remonstrated with the prince on the imprudence of his conduct, he concludes the letter in these words—

'I feel no difficulty in asserting that, considering all the circumstances attending your present incumbrances, the *mode* in which, and the *purposes* for which they were contracted, with the positive assurance from majesty itself, that no future claim of the kind should ever be brought forward, that the house of commons cannot vote for the payment of your debts without being guilty of a breach of trust, and forfeiting the confidence of the nation.'—This letter is dated May 11.

The next part of this pamphlet is a *postscript*, adverting to some attempts made to answer his letter, that is, to defend the prince; which he defies them to do by contradicting any of the facts he has advanced. He repeats many of his former arguments, and in a strain of very animated declamation, vindicates his independence. When, however, an *anonymous* author tells us that 'his respect for the aristocracy is known, and can be attested by men, whose exemplary probity, talents and manners, justify their claim to distinction and add lustre to their titles,' what species of credit does he seriously demand? Internal evidence is against him. His whole pamphlet is calculated to inflame the minds of the people against the royal family:—they must fall, that Mr. Pitt may rise.

We now come to a second postscript, in which he considers the message from the prince, 'delivered by Mr. Anstruther, as not affording 'the most distant proof of either condescension, shame, remorse, humiliation, or justice in his royal highness, nor as establishing his claim to our confidence or forgiveness.' The professed object of this second postscript is to deprecate the compliance of parliament in paying the debts; but whatever they may do, or whatever the chancellor of the Exchequer may request them to do (for he has by this time announced his plan), still that god of our author's idolatry must not be blamed. He cannot yet find out that Mr. Pitt 'has done more than he ought to have done, and no longer deserves to be minister of this country.' As a palliative, however, he gives us the following piece of information:

'Mr. Pitt, pledged in some degree for the observance of the promise (by having been the bearer of the former message) was, more than any other member of the cabinet, called upon to state to his royal master, that the second message was no less injurious to his honour, than it was disrespectful to parliament and the nation, and that



that being compelled by the *situation he held* to deliver the message, he could not obey his majesty's commands without apprising him of the mischiefs that might result from it. That such a representation was made cannot well be doubted.' (p. 58.)—We answer that it *can* be doubted, because it is void of all proof, and because it has not even probability to support it.

He now addresses himself to the house of commons, and tells them that by admitting a necessity in parliament to pay those debts, they declared his royal highness insolvent (a wonderful discovery!)—while by reserving an annual sum for the payment of those debts, they virtually declared him unfit to manage his own concerns: the first measure he pronounces a statute of bankruptcy,—the second, a statute of lunacy. And yet he chuses to forget that in the formation of this plan, the commons had no concern. It was the plan of the *blameless* minister. Individuals might think of something better, but the majority of the house had no alternative.

The remainder of this pamphlet consists in a new preface, in which Mr. Fox's conduct on the fourteenth of May is arraigned with a severity not altogether unjustifiable,—a letter dated 1784, signed Neptune, containing much good advice then offered to the prince,—and a letter dated 1791, signed Legion, alluding to a shameful transaction on Newmarket course.

We have dwelt longer on this pamphlet than is our usual custom with publications of a similar nature:—but the manner in which the subject is treated seemed in some measure to demand this. Our sentiments respecting the conduct of the prince are nearly in unison with those of the author; but we cannot be so blind as not to perceive that what appears the first is really the secondary object of the pamphlet. No man can give it a serious perusal, without discovering that the chief object is the vindication of Mr. Pitt, at the expense of the respect due to his majesty, to the prince, and to the parliament. The defence of Mr. Pitt in this transaction, we have stated to be impossible, and, on the ground which our author takes, ridiculous. We do not wish to lessen the *constitutional* power given to a minister: but here he is represented as of such mighty importance that his absence creates an *interregnum* (Letter, p. 9) and that he can, if he pleases, secure the consent of parliament by his *influence*, and *authority of office* (p. 10): and yet the commons are to be reprobated in the language of the fiercest democrat for adopting *his* plan. It is not our design, nor indeed in our power, to vindicate the prince; but we feel it a duty to repel those insidious measures, which divert the public indignation from the proper objects, and tend to persuade the people that it is wicked to satisfy the creditors of the prince with thousands, and good policy to subsidise the despots of Europe with millions.

*Observations on a Letter to the Prince of Wales, in Consequence of a Second Application to Parliament, &c.* 8vo. 1s. Griffiths. 1795.

This is a well-meant defence of the prince, whose imprudencies are attributed to a set of unprincipled men, who attached themselves to him at an early period of his life, and induced him to contract debts by which they were benefited. Messrs. Fox and Sheridan are implicated in this censure,—but with what justice, our author has not enabled us to form any opinion. The truth is, he wishes to defend the prince, because another has attacked him; but he has no facts, and is therefore entitled to no confidence.

*Thoughts on the Prince's Debts. Third Edition: to which is added a Preface, containing an Anecdote.* 8vo. 1s. 6d. Debrett. 1795.

This author takes a course peculiar to himself. He is a pleasant, easy, good-humoured gentleman, who does not care much how the debts have been contracted, but takes John Bull by the arm, leads him a walk along the Park, pats him on the cheek, and coaxes him into an immediate payment of the whole. John grins,—talks of the scarcity of money, and looks a little foolish,—but cannot refuse when he is told, that if he does not comply, the prince and princess won't have a bed to lie upon, and that kings and princes very much deserve our pity, for they are (God help them!) of all creatures the most miserable, and no body would wish to change places with them.

The best *hit* in this cajoling scene is a quotation from Congreve's *Old Bachelor*, which winds up the whole.—‘If this won't do, remember I am married; and you have all but one opinion of the wife you have persuaded me to take—let my better half reconcile you all to me.’

The *Anecdote* in the preface, which the author seems to think of great importance, proves that the prince was accused of not paying for a horse, which he had paid for; and the price was—FIFTEEN HUNDRED POUNDS!

*Lucubrations of an Heir Apparent.* 8vo. 2s. 6d. Allen and West. 1795.

Although this pamphlet has much the air of a catchpenny, it contains some shrewd remarks on the history of our country in former times, and much good advice upon constitutional principles, in the form of lucubrations.

*The Natural and Constitutional Right of Britons to Annual Parliaments, Universal Suffrage, and the Freedom of Popular Association: being a Vindication of the Motives and Political Conduct of John Thelwall, and of the London Corresponding Society, in general. Intended to have been delivered at the Bar of the Old Bailey, in Confutation of the late Charges of High Treason.* 8vo. 2s. Symonds. 1795.

Mr. Thelwall informs us, in a short advertisement, that this pamphlet

pamphlet contains only the least important part of that statement for which he stands pledged to the public, and which is soon to appear under the title of a "Narrative of the Proceedings of Government." He sends this vindication into the world separately, that the investigation of the principles upon which he has acted may prepare the public to appreciate with greater justice the practices by which his persecutors aimed at his destruction. He asserts that he would have delivered this address on his trial, if he had not been persuaded to resign his whole cause into the hands of Messrs. Erskine and Gibbs, whose professional knowledge rendered them more adequate to the task of combating the host of crown lawyers that were embattled against him.

This advice, we are of opinion, was judiciously taken. However we may approve of many parts of this vindication as a political discourse, it could not have been considered by the jury as an answer to the speeches of the crown lawyers; nor, however careless the author might have been of his life, would he have acted the part of a wise man, had he sacrificed it for the mere pleasure of delivering a severe censure on the measures of administration. At the same time we do not dispute the right he had to publish it in its present form, and think it upon the whole highly creditable to his talents as a political writer. There are many passages which might be selected for their eloquence, many for a nice and discriminating acuteness, and many for the honest warmth of innocence, and the fervor of unblushing zeal. His defence of universal suffrage we are not prepared to agree with; and there are other openings left for critical refutation: but making allowance for a certain peculiarity of opinion, and for the circumstances of the writer, it is but justice to say that the performance is masterly both in matter and manner.

The following passage will serve as a specimen of the general style and conduct of this defence, and contains a curious fact.

'The man who is at liberty, can select his society; and if he trusts himself alone with a stranger of ambiguous character, or subjects himself to the misrepresentations of a perjured dependent, he must abide the consequences. But discretion is as impotent as innocence, to guard against the *inventive* malice of the being, who, armed with the warrant of a privy council, drags the victim from his home, and excluding him from all choice of society, and all guardianship of disinterested witnesses, can afterwards come forward in a court of justice, and deprive him of his life by swearing to circumstances, which, though they never occurred, are incapable of contradiction.

'But it is vain to cavil about particulars. If loose conversations are once admitted as evidences of treason, pretences can never be wanting to destroy the most innocent and virtuous of mankind!

'Yet to the disgrace of an English court of justice—to the scandal

dal of the British character—to the indelible reproach of that constitution, which those who have violated every principle of it, continue so extravagantly to applaud—at the close of the eighteenth century, in a prosecution for treason, is the feeble mass of accumulative and constructive charges, bolstered by evidence of this contemptible nature.

‘For this purpose every tavern and coffee-house has been haunted, into which (rare visitant as I have been to places of that description) I may occasionally have put my head. My hours of conviviality have been attended by spies and sycophants, my doors beset with evedroppers, my private chambers haunted by the familiar spirits of an infernal inquisition, and my confidential friends stretched on the rack of interrogatory, in order to extort from them the conversation which in the unsuspecting hours of social hilarity may have been uttered at my own table.

‘But it will not be believed—posterity will not credit the monstrous tale—that, unsatisfied with former arts—despairing of success, yet eager in the scent of blood, four or five days only before my trial, the agents of this wicked prosecution should have sent, in the name of the privy council, for a person known to be one of my most familiar friends—known to be one of the witnesses sub-pœna’d on my behalf—known, also, to have been entrusted confidentially by my family, and my solicitor in the management of my defence; and after clapping a Testament to his lips (let Mr. White or Mr. Ford contradict me if this is false!) should interrogate him on the mode of my intended defence, on the evidence I had to contradict particular charges, and the subjects of those private conversations which, in the unsuspecting confidence of our souls, we had frequently indulged together.’ p. 78.

*A Sequel to the Account of the Proceedings in the University of Cambridge, against the Author of a Pamphlet, entitled Peace and Union; containing the Application to the Court of King's Bench, a Review of similar Cases in the University, and Reflections on the Impolicy of Religious Persecution, and the Importance of Free Enquiry. By W. Friend, Citizen of Canterbury, Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge, and M. A. 8vo. 2s. 6d. Robinsons. 1795.*

Though we do not think it incumbent on us, as reporters in a periodical publication, to express our decided opinion concerning the proceedings of the university of Cambridge, and the conduct of Mr. Friend, it would be unjust not to express our belief that the present Sequel must necessarily be interesting to such gentlemen as have been interested by the trial,—and, indeed, as exhibiting more at large those instances in which Mr. Friend supposes himself aggrieved, together with his application to the court of King's Bench, and other new matter, will probably not be uninteresting to many who have not as yet attended to the circumstances of the trial.

Mr.



Mr. Frend first makes a recapitulation of his pamphlet, entitled *Peace and Union*, and states what he asserts to be the *object* of the *persecution*, and the proceedings of certain fellows of Jesus College. The circumstances of his application to the court of King's Bench on the college proceedings, he gives as follows:

‘ An application was made to the court of King's Bench, on the ground, that no crime against any statute had been pointed out; that the statute, on which the sentence was founded, required the concurrence of a majority of the fellows; and that six only, out of sixteen fellows, had concurred in the sentence of amotion. The court refused to attend to this application, because there was a visitor, and the decisions of a visitor are, it now seems, to be considered as final. The usurpation of the master and a few fellows of the college being thus sanctioned, very slight hopes could be entertained of redress, unless some important and desirable changes take place in the political world: and, the college cause being dismissed, the proceedings of the university remained to be taken into consideration.’

P. 7.

The body of the work consists of the cases of persons who have been thrown into situations somewhat similar to that of the author of the *Sequel*: concerning which it is observed—

‘ In support of these opinions references were made to the cases of Chark, Brown, Browning, Milayn, Chadwick, Johnson, Bambridge, Baret, Baro, Whiston, Duckett, and Waller, which, it was supposed, would have thrown considerable light upon the question; and, as they contain much curious information on the progress of religious toleration and instruction, merit the attention of every impartial reader.’ P. 11.

These cases are stated at large, and are very interesting as matter of history, though some do not apply to the case of Mr. Frend.

Subjoined to the *Sequel*, is an account of the author, which he gives with a view to suggest to others the best means of avoiding similar difficulties. This account is sensible and affecting. The following quotation will shew the reader in what manner Mr. Frend employed himself in the university, after he was deprived of the tuition of Jesus College.

‘ My time was now chiefly taken up in a laborious occupation. A few men of letters thought that an edition of the bible, departing as little as possible from the present reading, but corrected by the various lights which have been thrown on it since the translation under the direction of king James, would be a very useful work, and contribute more than controversial writings to the removal of error. My share in this work was considerable, rather from the quantity allotted me, than the difficulty of the task. Yet the comparison of the pentateuch and the historical writings in our bible with the original and translations in several languages, and the pursuit of a ques-

tion through a variety of authors, must be attended with no small expence both of labour and time. It is not necessary, however, to say much on a work suspended by various causes; part of it was lost in the flames enlightened by the blind zeal of the church at Birmingham; and for nearly these two last years my attention has been carried to other pursuits; and if I had now the inclination to pursue the plan, I am destitute of the books necessary in such an undertaking. During the time that I was immersed in this employment, the perusal of various popular writings, and the conversation of all around me, led me to reflect seriously on the state of the nation. I was not connected with any party; I had been a witness of the miseries of the French, but saw no reason for adopting all their principles, or their conduct in government. There were many defects and abuses in our own government; yet the lenient hand of reform seemed sufficient for their removal; and, to encourage this spirit in the governors and the governed, I wrote my pamphlet entitled *Peace and Union*. For suggesting the means of obtaining such desirable ends, I have been driven from my books, and deprived of a great part of my slender income; and I have been under the necessity of defending myself from the most contemptible assailants, and my time has been taken up on subjects most irksome to a man of letters.' P. 111.

The end of punishment is reformation: but from the following passage it seems that, so far from being reformed, Mr. Frend is become more unmanageable than before, and is now actually an advocate for universal suffrage, and annual parliaments, &c.

'Thus I have fairly stated my situation, from which may be derived some useful reflections. The end of punishment, it is said, is either to reform the criminal, or to deter others from similar practices. In my case the punishment has been of no manner of use. I am not reformed from those opinions, which my adversaries condemn; but, on the contrary, am more tenacious of them than ever. By being deprived of the office of tutor, I gained more time for my own studies, and they have impressed deeply on my mind these truths, that there is only one God, and that the trinity is a fiction of bewildered metaphysicians. For avowing these truths I am insulted and injured; yet one end of punishment is not answered, for it does not change my opinion. Again, for publishing *Peace and Union*, I have suffered more injuries; yet to no purpose, for my mind remains invulnerable by the darts of my adversaries. So far from giving up my supposed errors, I find, on investigating the causes of complaint more closely, that I have erred in not giving my enemies greater occasion to exercise their malignity. In my pamphlet I recommended triennial parliaments, and a partial enlargement of suffrage; conceiving erroneously, that the people were not sufficiently enlightened for universal suffrage. I did not consider, that every

individual was sufficiently enlightened to give his vote in his tithing, and to understand every law by which he ought to be affected; and that to the want of universal suffrage are owing the ignorance of the bulk of the people, and the corruption of the higher ranks of society. So far therefore from being reformed in this respect, wherever I have an opportunity, I am an advocate for universal suffrage and annual parliaments; declaring, however, at the same time, that I by no means wish to see these points carried by force; and exhorting all, who go to the same length with myself, to unite contentedly with others in any inferior species of reform.' P. 112.

Many of Mr. Friend's readers will probably differ from him on political and theological topics; but we think every one must admire his abilities, his spirit, and his integrity.

*Plain Suggestions of a British Seaman, respecting the present Admiralty, and the Mode of constituting the Board, &c. &c. As also the Figure made by his Country on the Seas during the present War. With loose Hints for a Plan for Manning the Fleet without Pressing. 2 Parts. 8vo. 1s. each. Jordan. 1794.*

These Suggestions from a plain, honest, and intelligent seaman, are deserving of attention. He appears so completely master of his subject, that we are inclined to give him credit in certain parts of it with which we ourselves cannot profess an acquaintance. The admiralty board should, in his opinion, be constituted of men educated in the naval profession, or perfectly acquainted with its interests;—that intimate connection with the minister ought to be loosened, which occasions the most shameful partiality in the affairs of appointments and promotions;—and foreign ambitious powers, like Russia, should not be allowed to avail themselves of the services of our best officers, who, according to our peace system, are compelled to enter into foreign navies, or live in poverty, and its never-failing attendant, contempt. He reviews the conduct of the admiralty since the commencement of the present war, and censures, with apparent justice, the inactivity of our navy, the preference given to the army which neither has nor can support the credit of the nation abroad, and the unparalleled negligence of the board in allowing the French to capture *nine hundred* British vessels within eighteen months. All these subjects are explained and enforced in a manly, yet temperate style; and the events of the war seem to justify the regulations, however novel, which he proposes. His mode of manning the navy is by a general register of seamen, connecting them in some degree with the service during peace, and making it worth their while to enter cheerfully on the first appearance of hostilities. As a farther encouragement to the service, he proposes to augment the pay of officers of certain ranks, whose case, according to the existing system, is attended with hardships which men of spirit cannot sustain, unless gifted with a disinterested enthusiasm which men in power, at least, can have no idea of!

*A Refutation of Mr. Pitt's Alarming Assertion, made on the last Day of the last Session of Parliament, 'That unless the Monarchy of France be restored, the Monarchy of England will be lost for ever.' In a Letter addressed to the Right Hon. Thomas Skinner, Lord Mayor of the City of London. 8vo. 2s. 6d. Bell. 1794.*

This pamphlet, the author informs us, is intended as a preface to a history of the last campaign, which he is preparing for the press. In tracing the causes of the present war, he chooses to consider our ministry as having always been secret enemies to the French, and asserts that the emperor urged Mr. Pitt to throw off the mask, and declare openly for the allied cause. The alarming assertion, mentioned in the title-page, he refutes with considerable ability and knowledge of the relative situations of the powers now (we should say lately) at war. Mr. Pitt's conduct throughout is treated with the utmost contempt; and although our author allows him some abilities as an orator, he denies him any portion of wisdom as a statesman.

*Memorandums of Field Exercise for the Troops of Gentlemen and Yeomen Cavalry. By an Officer of Light Dragoons. 8vo. 2s. Law. 1795.*

We can say nothing in favour of this publication. It is not by a set of memorandums that any part of the science of war is to be learned; but if it were, these hints would go a very little way towards obtaining that end.

## P O E T I C A L.

*Poems on several Occasions. By Mrs. Dartwall (formerly Miss Whateley.) 2 Vols. 8vo. 6s. Boards. Lowndes. 1794.*

The author of these volumes has formerly attracted in some degree the notice of the public under the name of Whateley. The present productions consist of short miscellaneous poems, chiefly in the walk of song and pastoral; and a list of subscribers prefixed to the work seems to preclude the severity of criticism. We shall therefore content ourselves with offering to our readers the following specimen.

### ' SONNET, ON THE FIRST SIGHT OF THE SEVERN.

Welcome, sweet river, to my view!  
 Oft shall I mark thy curling wave,  
 Oft on thy brink my plaint renew,  
 While I am doom'd the storm to brave,  
 Whose desolating sweep destroys  
 Each glitt'ring dream of future joys.

Ah!



Ah! when at eve alone I stray,  
 And gaze upon thy crystal tide,  
 Beneath pale vesper's glimm'ring ray,  
 With melancholy for my guide;  
 My mournful song thou oft shalt hear,  
 With sighs thy murmurs I'll repay;  
 Thy rapid waves with many a tear  
 Shall mingle, as they glide away.' Vol. ii. p. 157.

*Somerset House, a Vision.* By Joseph Moser, Author of *Timothy Twig, Reflections upon Profane and Judicial Swearing, &c. &c.* 8vo. 6d. Griffiths. 1795.

Mr. Moser tells us, 'as to the poem, he has only to observe, that it was published in the *European Magazine*, and so well received as to induce some of his friends to wish to see it in its present form; but that to deprecate the censure of the critics, or solicit the protection of his readers, would be equally nugatory.'

We felt no very pleasurable emotions in reading this vision; we occasionally met with a few decent lines; but the poetry is in general feeble.

*Investigation: or Monarchy and Republicanism analyzed. A Poem.* 8vo. 1s. Chapman. 1794.

This little poem is written with great spirit, and though conveying nothing new on the subject of government, is entitled to considerable respect for the ingenuity and neatness of its composition. After describing the leading events of the French revolution, the author proceeds thus—

'Wine as sense swills, or temperance enjoys,  
 A blessing strengthens, or a curse destroys;  
 So to confound licentious freedom tends,  
 And, with all good, by order but befriends.  
 France tasted Liberty's nectareous store;  
 Approving Nature saw her thirst for more:  
 Reason stood by and Temperance advis'd:  
 Eager and warm the counsel she despis'd;  
 Snatch'd from the goddess the capacious cup;  
 And in wild transport rashly drank it up;  
 Her brain the intemperate draught with frenzy fir'd,  
 Rejected Reason pitied and retir'd.  
 Reeling she went, laid decency aside  
 In atheistic brutishness and pride:  
 Lur'd by her state huge vices flock'd around,  
 And with firm spells her every feeling bound;  
 Then with her countenance their power employ'd,  
 Her sons confounded and their hopes destroy'd.  
 Intriguing Sophistry the draught prepar'd  
 With which Sedition first the mind ensnar'd,

Large

Large bowls he fill'd, with eagerness they quaff'd;  
 Direful the issue as accurs'd the draught;  
 Grim Slaughter fir'd each mind, impell'd each hand,  
 And immolated thousands strew'd the land.  
 In all the keen indignity of woe  
 Louis then fell, and Europe mourns the blow,  
 Martyr to zealot rage, vindictive pride,  
 Treason, and black impiety, he died;  
 Mercy to bar a kindred tongue took lead,  
 And form'd a climax worthy of the deed.' P. 27.

We observe indeed, with regret, the frequency of elisions, such as, 't'unfold,'—'true, 'twould,'—'thence t'obtain,' &c. which affect the harmony of the numbers very considerably.

### L A W.

*Remarks on the Education of Attornies, designed to promote a Reform in the Inferior Order of the Profession of the Law.* 12mo. 2s. 6d. Dilly. 1795.

When we read in the introduction to this pamphlet that it was the author's design 'to improve the intelligence and the morals of that disinterested, honourable, and ingenious order of men, who stand so high in the world's opinion, called *attornies*,' we suspected that one of two things must follow—either this author is to present us with a fine piece of irony, or he is some poor crazy man who thinks he can rival the labours of Hercules. As we proceeded, however, we began to entertain a more favourable opinion of his undertaking, as the remedies he proposes apply chiefly to the *education* of young men intended to follow the business of an attorney. According to the account he gives of the present mode, it appears that the young men in an attorney's office are considered as servants, and their time, however valuable to their masters, is utterly lost to themselves. He ascribes this evil in a great measure to the laws, which have substituted servitude for education, and so far from affording any incitement to the diligent performance of the task of instruction, have placed the interest of the practitioners in opposition to their duty.

His plan for reforming this evil is thus conceived:

'First, that articles of clerkship be abolished;—that persons designed for the profession, instead of paying a premium to an attorney, should pay him an annual sum;—and that there should be no more restriction from changing an office, than from changing a school.'—  
 'Every parent who places his son with an attorney, should be obliged to provide him with such books as are known to contain the best introduction to the study of the law. The attorney should also be obliged to read with, and explain to him, in the course of the first year of his clerkship, the best elementary treatise on the laws of England.'

land.'—'Every attorney should be compelled to keep as many hired as other clerks;—and all the engrossing and drudgery of the office should be performed by the clerks who receive wages only.' P. 42.

These we give as merely the outlines of the plan,—referring to the work itself for an explanation of many particulars connected with it,—an answer to objections that may be started,—and some valuable observations on the necessity of forming the mind to a virtuous course in early life. The author's arguments are occasionally illustrated by examples and authorities, which add weight to the plan, which, we think, justly merits the attention of the learned bench.

## D R A M A T I C.

*The Prodigal. A Dramatic Piece. As performed at the Theatre Royal, in the Hay Market, December 2, 1793. 8vo. 1s. Arrowsmith. 1794.*

Altered from the Fatal Extravagance of Joseph Mitchell, and cut down to a petite piece for the Hay-market. The catastrophe has been so far judiciously altered, as it was certainly too tragic for a slight piece of two acts: but perhaps it was too tragic to be taken at all for such a purpose; for the horror of the story, which is that of a man reduced to despair by gaming, who intentionally poisons his wife and children, is not destroyed by our finding at the close of the drama that an innocent mixture had been substituted instead of the intended poison. At all events, however, the piece is full good enough for the declared purpose, which is that of employing an interval, which, between the hour of beginning and the principal piece is considerably interrupted by the clattering of box doors and seats while the house is filling.

## A R I T H M E T I C A L.

*The first Principles of Arithmetic, Vulgar and Decimal; with the Extraction of Roots of different Powers. By John George English, late Teacher of the Mathematics in the Royal Navy. To which is added, a concise Compendium of Book-keeping, by Single Entry. 12mo. 1s. 6d. bound. Vernor and Hood. 1795.*

In one part of this work the writer tells us, that he explains something in one manner, 'to comply with custom, that universal tyrant, and indulge the pretended weakness of juvenile faculties.' From hence we may presume that he conceives youth to be easy of apprehension, and that very great pains need not be taken to bring a subject down to the level of their capacities. In this opinion we differ greatly from him, and on the other hand conceive that nothing should be admitted into an elementary work, which requires much knowledge from other quarters; that great care should be taken in the language, definition, and arrangement; and that respect should  
be

be had to the real weakness of juvenile faculties. On this account as the work is said to be 'written professedly for the use of schools,' we object to the use of many words not easily comprehended by boys, and particularly so, where other words were at hand, which they would understand without difficulty. Thus an easier definition might have been given of *notation*, which is said to be 'the mode of expressing by *symbols* any number *enunciated* by words; and, *vice versa*, the mode of *enunciating* in words any number *expressed* by *symbols*.' We object to the use of the terms, *sine limite*, *homogeneous*, *heterogeneous*, *horizontal*, *vertical*, *ad libitum*, &c. &c. &c. which occur throughout, and for which easier language might have been substituted.

What chance a boy has to understand the rule of three by the definition given to him by this writer, we leave our readers to determine.

'Simple proportion is the mode of finding a fourth proportional to three given numbers; two of which are homogeneous, and said to constitute a ratio.

'The third number is homogeneous to that found, and with it constitutes a ratio equal to the former.

'The four numbers are in general called terms of the proportion; the two constitutive terms being the first and second, the other given number the third, and the number required the fourth: by determining which, the following problem is solved.

'Prob. XII. Any three numbers, two of which are homogeneous, being given, to determine a fourth proportional.

'Rule. Multiply the second and third terms together, divide their product by the first, and the quotient thus found will be that required. The first and second terms are thus distinguished.

'1. Multiply every power or agency by the time of its continuance, if given; which product will be as the measure of its effect.

'2. Multiply the component parts of every effect together, if given; which product will be as the measure of its cause.

'3. Multiply every cause by the effect of its relative, if given, and *vice versa*, which product will be equal to that of the other two terms.

'Two such numbers as express either cause or effect, action and passion, or their component parts, will either actually be found, or may rationally be supposed to exist, in all proportions whatever, whether mathematical or physical; hence, that constitutive term which is the multiplier must be the second, and the other the first.'  
P. 46.

The common arrangement is followed: many instances are given with great propriety: but the work labours under such a disadvantage from the affectation of using difficult words, that we cannot recommend this compendium as likely to facilitate the study of numbers.



## NOVELS AND ROMANCES.

*The Abbey of St. Asaph. A Novel. By the Author of Madeline, of the Castle of Montgomery. 3 Vols. 12mo. 9s. sewed. Lane. 1795.*

In humble imitation of the well-known novels of Mrs. Radcliffe, the Abbey of St. Asaph is duly equipped with all the appurtenances of ruined towers, falling battlements, moats, draw-bridges, Gothic porches, tombs, vaults, and apparitions. It has likewise an everlasting moon, which, 'glittering through the old ivy'd walls, broken towers, and falling cloysters, inspires the soul with the most contemplative delight.'

*Secresy; or, the Ruin on the Rock. By a Woman. 3 Vols. 12mo. 9s. sewed. Lane. 1795.*

In the course of our critical labours we are so frequently fatiated by extravagant fiction that the romantic title of this work rather repelled than stimulated curiosity: but the lassitude with which we began to peruse it, ere we had proceeded far, gave place to a more awakened attention.—The title-page announces these volumes to have been written by a woman. Their tendency is to recommend in all circumstances, and upon every occasion, open, intrepid, unequivocal sincerity, and to exemplify the vice, and consequent mischief, of every species of disguise and concealment. There is little doubt but that many of the mistakes, and of course the miseries of society, which perhaps all originate in mistake, might have been prevented, or ameliorated, by the substitution of truth and frankness, for the tinsel of affected, heartless complaisance, the varnish of half civilisation. It has been observed by Dr. Priestley, in his Treatise on Education, that the most solid materials are susceptible of the highest polish. When the heart is humanised by the cultivation of the understanding, nothing very offensive can result even from the most rigid adherence to truth and simplicity: and in the absence of good sense and humanity, the superficial gloss of what is termed good-breeding is not more insipid and pernicious than fallacious. Between simulation and dissimulation a distinction has been made without a difference: it would be well for the virtue and for the happiness of the rising generation, if they could be trained up without the knowledge of, or the temptation to, these refined prevarications. The author of the present work appears to have studied and imbibed the principles and spirit of Anna St. Ives:—at least the following sentiments, which we extract with pleasure, are strongly characteristic of the Holcroftian school.

'Where must I turn me then, but to the resources of my own heart?—Yes: they are many, my Caroline; various and increasing. Shall my uncle tell me that my actions are confined to the mechanical operations of the body, that I am an imbecile creature, but a reptile

reptile of more graceful form, the half finished work of nature, and destitute of the noblest ornament of humanity? Blind to conviction, grown old in error, he would degrade me to the subordinate station he describes. He daringly asserts that I am born to the exercise of no will; to the exercise of no duties but submission; that wisdom owns me not, knows me not, could not find in me a resting place.

'Tis false, Caroline! I feel within the vivifying principle of intellectual life. My expanding faculties are nurtured by the passing hours! and want but the beams of instruction to ripen into power and energy that would steep my present inactive life in forgetfulness.

'Bonneville, when I shall cease to love thy memory, to recal thy lessons? It was thou, Bonneville, who first bade me cherish this stimulating principle; who called the powers of my mind forth from the chaos, wherewith Mr. Valmont had enveloped them. Thou, Bonneville, taught me that I make an unimpaired one of the vast brotherhood of human kind; that I am a being whose mistakes demand the conviction of reason, but whose mind ought not to bow down under power and prejudice.' Vol. i. p. 81.

'Thus adorned by nature, said I, in what way shall I further recommend her? Art has disclaimed her. This queer creature, lady Mary, never out of her uncle's castle since she was six years old, has been left utterly without the skill of the governess and waiting maid. An old tutor, indeed, gave her some singular lessons on the value of sincerity, independence, courage, and capacity; and she, a worthy scholar of such a teacher, as indeed you may judge from the specimen I read of her letter, has odd notions and practices; and half insane, as Mrs. Ashburn says, would rather think herself born to navigate ships and build edifices, than to come into a world for no other purpose, than to twist her hair into ringlets, learn to be feeble, and to find her feet too hallowed to tread on the ground beneath her. Vol. i. p. 126.

We fear we have already exceeded the limits usually allotted to works of this nature; but we cannot forbear subjoining two more short extracts, beautifully descriptive.

'I must have been devoid of taste and feeling, if in viewing the exquisite scenery of the park, I had not forgotten the gloomy entrance and the dreary building. I found a seat on the margin of that fine sheet of water which is skirted by your majestic wood; and I rested there till twilight began to spread itself over the horizon. Who would not, Sibella, although evening had cast its misty shade over the tall trees and impressed an awful serenity on every surrounding object, who would not, I say, like me have ventured into the wood rather than have returned to Mr. and Mrs. Valmont and their castle?

I found

I found the paths so admirably contrived in their breaks and windings, that I could not forbid myself to proceed. Every now and then I had an imperfect view of something dark, rugged, and mountainous. On a sudden, I caught a glimpse of a rude pile of stones, seemingly carried to a tremendous height, which as suddenly vanished from my sight, amidst the intercepting branches; a few steps further, it was again before me as a wild ruin tottering on the projecting point of a rock. Silence, solitude, the twilight, the objects filled my mind with a species of melancholy. Fancy had become more predominant than judgment. I slackened my pace: I breathed heavily: when, suddenly turning into a new path that I expected would bring me to the foot of the rock, I beheld a female form, clothed in white, seated at the foot of a large oak. Her hair, unrestrained by either hat or cap, entirely shaded her face as she bowed her head to look on a little fawn, who in the attitude of confidence and affection was laying across her lap.' Vol. i. p. 34.

'When these industrious labourers of the day retired to early rest, I betook myself to the now bleak and desolate hermitage. No sooner had I deposited my lanthorn and little basket, than I left my cell, intending to revisit, not with rapture but regret, her selected paths.

'It was I think one of the finest nights I ever beheld; and I must have wanted that fervour of soul which gave birth to my love, had I not been enchanted with the scene. The resplendent moon, now at the summit of her growth, silvered the wide spreading branches of Sibella's oak, the fairest tree of the forest; her steady gleam glittered over one half the tomb; the bending bough of a cypress on the other half, shed irregular darkness; the rock cast its pointed shadow up the path-way; light and shade no longer blended but were abruptly contrasted. No cloud glided into motion, no zephyr into sound. On the broken-down porch, I leaned. Imagination was alive. I will not conceal aught from you, miss Ashburn, an excess of tenderness even produced tears. And why need I be ashamed of that emotion? 'Tis not a property of guilt. And while I wept, I made a vow at the shrine of reason to abandon my mad enterprize, to quit for ever and ever this seductive rock.' Vol. iii. p. 79.

Little need be added to the quotations we have given from this work, the incidents and situations of which are novel,—the language animated and forcible;—the characters, sentiments, and reflections, bespeak a more philosophic attention to the phenomena of the human mind than is generally either sought for, or discovered, in this lighter species of literary composition. Whether the fermentation produced in the youthful imagination by (if we may so express ourselves) this impassioned style of reasoning—in which even truth itself, losing its chaste sobriety, becomes impregnated with inebriating qualities—be upon the whole favourable to virtue and tranquillity, is a problem, the solution of which we leave to moral philosophers.

*The*

*The Castle of Ollada. A Romance. 2 Volumes 12mo. 6s. bound. Lane. 1795.*

Another haunted castle! Surely the misses themselves must be tired of so many stories of ghosts, and murders,—though to the misses the ghosts of this novel present perhaps the most harmless part of the dramatis personæ. The heroine who could basely elope from her father's house with a young peasant whom she had only twice seen, and to whom she had scarcely ever spoken, is a personage of a far more pernicious nature. For though the heroine of a romance as always sure to know 'the true baron upon instinct,'—we do not think it altogether advisable for young ladies to put implicit confidence in such a conductor, and therefore cannot avoid reprobating the example.

*The Voluntary Exile. By Mrs. Parsons, Author of Lucy, &c. &c. 5 Vols. 12mo. 15s. sewed. Lane. 1795.*

Publications of this nature being, through the medium of circulating libraries, often extensively disseminated, we feel a peculiar pleasure when enabled to recommend them to our young female readers, more especially as containing nothing very inimical to good morals or good taste.—The Voluntary Exile is written in an unaffected sensible style: the incidents, in the first volume particularly, are probable, interesting, and affecting, and interspersed with a variety of excellent and judicious observations.—In the subsequent volumes the scene changes to America, where Mr. Biddulph, the exile, engages as a volunteer in the British army, during the contest between the mother country and her colonies. The calamities of war, especially of civil dissension, are well depicted, and give rise to several little pathetic narrations, also to many humane and liberal reflections. A just tribute of respect is paid to the peaceful tenets and benevolent exertions of the quakers during that distressful period, exemplified in a variety of affecting instances.

We conceive it ill judged, in a work of this nature, to anticipate curiosity by detailing the events; nor do our limits allow us to select a quotation of sufficient length to give a just specimen of the work, the merit of which consists rather in its general good sense and tendency, than in any particularly brilliant or striking passages. It abounds too much in episode, by which the interest of the principal story is weakened,—which story, with the episodes, turns too invariably on the subject of love. This is not the age of chivalry—In the present times of political fermentation and public danger, our young women perhaps would do better to silence their hearts by strengthening their understandings, than foster their sensibility by indulging in enervating descriptions of tender sentiments. Neither is the present work entirely exempt from another error common to novelists:—horror is crowded upon horror till our sympathy becomes exhausted, and we read of faintings, death, and madness,



with perfect apathy. Our feelings are more interested when the heart is softened rather than shocked: descriptions of misery may be aggravated and multiplied till they excite disgust: nor is it the fact in real life, that persons possessing the most exquisite sensibility invariably sink under every accident repugnant to their wishes.—The heart can suffer severely and long without breaking.—A writer of any genius might surely paint, in colours sufficiently vivid, the touching expression of genuine sorrow, without having recourse to the hackneyed expedients of swooning, dying, &c.—This work is not quite free from grammatical inaccuracies.

*The Traditions, a Legendary Tale. Written by a Young Lady.*  
2 Vols. 12mo. 7s. Lane. 1795.

This novel, as we are informed in the dedicatory epistle, is an offering to Mr. and Mrs. St. Quentin (who, we believe, formerly kept a boarding-school in Berkshire, now removed to the neighbourhood of London) from one of their late pupils.

The performance does them no discredit; it indeed evinces a considerable degree of care to have been bestowed on the mind that produced it. The interest is well kept up; the sentiments are of a superior cast to the general run of the novels of the day; and the moral deserves particular commendation.

The faults are such as a maturer judgment will naturally lead the author to correct and avoid. And should she again be tempted to weave the web of fancy, she will find advantage in taking her materials from common life.—The title of this novel ought certainly to have been *Superstitions*—a title much more appropriate to the subject than *Traditions*:—what has been spoken by our immediate predecessors, in our own age, cannot deserve that appellation. Of the style we present our readers with the following specimen.

‘After the departure of our guests, I employed the remainder of the day in repairing the damage which the storm had done in my grotto, and in replacing the shells which were dear to me, because they reminded me of lord St. Alban. While I was thus employed, my mother entered, and sitting down on one of the seats, “My child,” she said, “I admire your taste.” I was too much occupied by my thoughts to observe that she had spoken to me. “This grotto is very beautiful,” continued my kind mother. She received no answer from me. “You must have had much trouble in collecting these shells,” she said, endeavouring to recal my wandering thoughts. At length, rising from her seat, she took my hand. “Matilda,” said she, “is it not very extraordinary that you pay so little regard to what your mother says to you; a mother whom I know you love so much? Of what were you thinking, my dearest child?” “Thinking of—” I replied—“I was thinking of—of—of—lord St. Alban.” “Very well,” said my mother, “I have now received an answer.” Then perceiving that I was somewhat dis-

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tressed by her inquiries, she kindly waved the subject, and shortly after left the grotto.

“My father was on that day hunting in the forest; a diversion of which he was very fond. When I appeared at dinner, I still continued penfive, and my mother again asked me what engaged my thoughts. “The storm,” I replied. “And you were wishing for another, I suppose,” added my mother. No, was my answer, “I was thinking of the visitors which the storm brought us.”—“You do them too much honour to give them so large a place in your thoughts,” replied my mother.

“After our little repast I again returned to the grotto. Towards the close of the evening my mother brought me some fruit. “Your father is late, my child,” she said. Although she had spoken louder than usual, she was obliged to repeat, “your father is late this evening.” “Yes,” I replied, “it will be late before he arrives at his castle.”—“What castle?” said my mother, smiling. “St. Alban castle,” I replied. My mother then called me to her, and taking my hand, “My beloved Matilda,” she said, “I have observed that during this whole day your thoughts have been entirely fixed on the lord St. Alban, instead of attending to your mother with that sweet gaiety which was wont to be the charm of our little cottage. I am not angry with you, my child; it is the fault of the heart alone which ought to incur our displeasure; but I take this opportunity of reminding you of a duty too much neglected by the best of us. A human being is composed of soul and body; the soul is that nobler part which ought to govern and conduct the body. Thought bears the same relation to the former, as action does to the latter: the soul of the virtuous is ever rising above this life, while that of the wicked is continually engaged amid the trifling possessions and occurrences of the world; alternately tortured by hope and fear, desire and disappointment. Those who permit their thoughts to be employed in a vague and inconsequential manner, soon give evidence of it by their actions. The transition from idleness to vice is so quick, that we are scarcely sensible when it takes place; and in this way our minds become enfeebled and corrupted even while we suppose ourselves innocent. Set before you, my child, eternal happiness as the object of all your wishes, and let every action of your life be fitted to prepare you for the conversation of the blest. In this simple rule every duty is contained, and those that act up to it will be as perfect as is consistent with humanity. If, Matilda, you love your mother, if you wish to be happy, you will keep your thoughts within the line of propriety and rectitude.”

“But, oh, my mother!” I said, “have I ever done otherwise? have I ever broken this rule, ever employed my thoughts in a disorderly manner?” “Yes, my Matilda, you have on this very day been an example of inattention to your mother, and what to-day is no more than giddiness will hereafter become habitual; and your hopes, instead

stead of being centered in this little valley, will wander from object to object, and harass and distress you. You, as well as myself, my dear Matilda, are ignorant of the character of lord St. Alban: he may perhaps be destitute of the virtues which he appears to possess; but should he in reality be the best of human beings, he is so far exalted above you in rank and fortune, that you can only expect misery from fixing your thoughts and affections upon him." Vol. ii. p. 104.

*The Motto: or History of Bill Woodcock. By George Brewer. Two Vols. 12mo. 6s. sewed. Sael. 1795.*

We are told in the introduction, 'that to such as are insensible to the existence of a ruling providence in the contingencies of human life, or to such as believe her interposition, this history may be of service.' A work of such extensive utility could not fail to attract our attention. We found its hero performing his part in the same barn in which he had received his birth.—His mother, a person of exalted sentiment, and refined taste, having fled from the wickedness and folly of the world, and taken sanctuary in a company of strolling players. At the death of this lady, the hero of the piece, Mr. Bill Woodcock, sets out for London, accompanied by his chosen friend the candle-snuffer. His adventures in the waggon, and at various ale-houses on the road, though not very well calculated to please such readers as are unhappily possessed of too much refinement, are, we make no doubt, very true and lively pictures of nature. In these scenes the author appears quite at home, and while he confines himself to the kitchen no one can dispute the propriety of his descriptions. The remainder of the story has indeed nothing to recommend it. It is too absurd for plain uncultivated sense, and too vulgar for the misses. That the hero may be provided with a mistress, possessed of rank, fortune, beauty, and accomplishments, a carriage is overturned on the road to Bristol, at the very moment that master Bill Woodcock is journeying thither on the top of a stage-coach. That he helps the lady out, and she falls in love with him for so doing, are matters of course. That her unnatural and cruel father should be so unreasonable as to refuse giving his only daughter and a fortune of 20,000*l.* to an adventurer who had never occupied an higher station than that of servant to an attorney, is likewise to be expected. But that the amiable fair one, magnanimously condemning the opinion of her father, should meet her lover in the fields, and there have the goodness to bestow on him such consolation and encouragement as was alike inconsistent with every idea of delicacy and decorum, is going a step further than the heroines of modern novels usually venture to proceed; and notwithstanding the professed good intentions of the author, we confess the *moral tendency* of such conduct is in our opinion rather problematical.—Perhaps it was meant to insinuate that the young lady was so well read in these useful publications

as to entertain a never-failing presentiment of the future fortunes of her lover, who as he appeared to be a bastard, would in the manner of all novels inevitably be discovered to be a lord! — A belief in such 'extraordinary dispensations of an over-ruling providence' we cannot recommend to young ladies as any part of their creed.

## R E L I G I O U S.

*A Collection of Hymns and Psalms, for public and private Worship. Selected and prepared by Andrew Kippis, D. D. F. R. S. and S. A. Abraham Rees, D. D. F. R. S. The Rev. Thomas Jervis, and the Rev. Thomas Morgan. 12mo. 3s. 6d. Boards. Robinsons. 1795.*

The hymn-book, which has been so much admired by the Dissenters, and so generally admitted in their social worship, has been thought, in the opinion of many judicious persons, to labour under some disadvantages and defects: the present publication is designed to remove such disadvantages, and to supply such defects, and, we do not, will prove acceptable to those congregations for which it is intended, so as to be admitted into their places of worship as better adapted to the purposes of general edification.

A short but well written preface, to which the names of four respectable dissenting ministers are subjoined, Dr. Andrew Kippis, Dr. Abraham Rees, Mr. Thomas Jervis, Mr. Thomas Morgan, introduces this collection; the object of this preface is to shew the nature and superior advantages of the present publication. We shall let these gentlemen speak for themselves; and their language, we apprehend, will be found to express the sentiments of the more reflecting and judicious part of the Dissenters.

'On the whole, we have spared no pains in the accomplishment of our undertaking; though at the same time we are sensible of our not being free from errors; for which the indulgence of our readers is entreated. The charge of which we are most apprehensive is that of superfluity: but this, we trust, will be forgiven us, as it affords a greater variety of choice; and as we hope, that no hymn will appear to have been totally unworthy of being inserted. To conclude, we have sincerely endeavoured to form such a body of hymns and psalms, as shall contribute to the devotion, improvement, and pleasure of Christian worshippers; and we humbly recommend this our attempt to promote the honour of God, and the happiness of mankind, to the divine blessing and favour.'

The following is a list of the authors and collections made use of in the present work:

'Dr. Watts—Mrs. Steele—Dr. Doddridge—Mr. Merrick—Mrs. Barbauld—Mr. Simon Browne—Bishop Patrick—Tate and Brady—Addison—Pope—Mr. Jervis—Mrs. Rowe—Parnell—Mr. Newton—Mrs. Carter—Blacklock—Mr. Scott—Sternhold—Roscommon—Dr. Hawkesworth—Mr. G. Dyer—Cowper—Dr. Cotton—  
Dr.



Dr. Kippis—Miss Scott—Mrs. Masters—Dr. Earle—Milton—Sir Henry Wotton—Dryden—Dr. Byrom—Mr. Grove—Mrs. Tollet—Dr. Flexman—Sir John Denham—Dr. Darwin—Dr. Aikin—Dr. Bowden—Miss Helen M. Williams—Miss Daye—Mr. Burns—Mr. Christopher Pitt—Mr. Boyse—Mr. Fawcett—Mr. Sowden—Unknown authors—Oratorio of Abel—Oratorio of Ruth—Oratorio of Paradise Lost—Oratorio of the Prodigal Son—Oratorio of the Fall of Egypt—Gentleman's Magazine—Doddsley's Poems—Birmingham Collection—Bristol Collection—Mr. Cappe's Selection—Edinburgh Collection—Dr. Enfield's Collection—Exeter Collection—Mr. Lindsey's Collection—Liverpool Collection—Mr. Pope's Collection—Rouen Collection—Salisbury Collection—Select Collection of 1756—Toplady's Collection—Mr. Walker's Collection—Mr. Williams's Collection.'

*Letters on Missions; addressed to the Protestant Ministers of the British Churches. By Melvil Horne, late Chaplain of Sierra Leone, in Africa. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Button. 1794.*

Mr. Horne went to Sierra Leone with the hope of establishing a mission to the natives, but after a residence of fourteen months returned to England. convinced that he could not effect his purpose. This failure, however, seems rather to have increased his zeal in the cause; and these Letters are calculated to excite Protestants in general, ministers as well as others, to consider the propagation of Christianity among the heathens, as an indispensable duty resulting from our Saviour's express commands. The arguments he advances are such as Cary, Lofkiel, and other writers on the subject have repeatedly urged, and his advice may be of great service to those whose object it is 'to evangelize the islands of the South Sea, or to obtain for Christianity a firm footing, and extensive trade in India, China, Tibet, Borneo, Persia, Tartary, and other great kingdoms.'—We respect the good intentions with which he forms a plan of such magnitude, although our hopes of success may be less sanguine.

With respect to the contents of these Letters, the author has made so many apologies as to disarm criticism, had they required its exercise; but we join cordially with him in the following wishes, substituting *we* for *I*.

'*We* with the rhapsodical address to Europe in the eighth letter had been exchanged for a few strong facts and plain arguments. *We* with the last few sentences of *his* censures on the East India company had been expunged from the seventh letter, as petulant and irritating—*We* with the sneer of the infidel in the last letter, and the manner of addressing himself to ministers on the 142 page had been wholly expunged, or so corrected as not to expose himself to be mistaken.'

If we have a wish remaining on this subject, it is that some missionaries,

sionaries, of Mr. Horne's zeal, would try their hand on those courts who have lately been propagating *Christianity* in Poland. If they succeed there, the rest of his vast plan becomes easy.

*Reflections on Profane and Judicial Swearing.* By Joseph Moser. 12mo. 6d. Griffiths. 1795.

A short, but we doubt not, a well-meant pamphlet, which contains some useful hints to those who are accustomed to profane swearing. The second part contains some information.

*Subordination considered on the Grounds of Reason and Religion.* A Sermon preached in the University Church of Great St. Mary's, before the Right Hon. Sir James Eyre, Knt. Chief Justice of the Comm<sup>n</sup> Pleas, and the Hon. Sir W. Ashurst, Knt. on the 5th of August, 1794, being the Day of Assize. By the Rev. John Owen, A. M. Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. 8vo. 1s. Rivingtons. 1794.

From St. Luke, ch. xix. v. 14, Mr. Owen enters into the consideration of civil subordination, in its nature, extent, and advantages, and adverts to the causes which obstruct its influence in society, which are the passions of mankind, the universal principle of self-importance, and narrow views of society. He then proposes some measures for assisting the impression of subordination upon the mind; such as a due attention to the *real* good resulting from our civil condition; a regard to the end rather than to the means of government, and the consideration that imperfection is universal. He recommends also the study of revealed religion, and to attend to the lessons which the examples of other states hold out. In discussing these several points, our author is more superficial than solid; and although we are unacquainted with the *effect* mentioned, we cannot but think with him that 'had he consulted his reputation alone, he had probably acted with more discretion, in contenting himself with the effect which the delivery produced.' The doctrine of subordination is easily enforced, because no wise or good man will deny it; but in times like the present, it lies under the suspicion of an alliance with passive obedience.

*The Christian Religion proved to be no Imposture.* In a Sermon. By a Minister of the established Church of England. 8vo. 6d. Longman. 1794.

Popular addresses of this kind have their use, but are seldom objects of criticism: that we should not, however, go without something in our own way, the author very gravely concludes his pamphlet with the following notice:

"Perhaps the fastidious philological critic may censure the mode of spelling the word *comparason*, made use of in this Sermon; as an affected singularity and unnecessary deviation from common usage.

usage. The author will not justify himself by any other comparative instance, than referring to its derivation, and if that condemns him, he will give up the point."

## M I S C E L L A N E O U S.

*An Authentic Account of the late Expedition to Bulam, on the Coast of Africa : with a Description of the present Settlement of Sierra Leone and the adjacent Country, by J. Montefiore. 8vo. 2s. Johnson. 1794.*

This expedition was attended with the loss of many lives, owing to their making an attempt to take possession of the island, without having purchased it. They afterwards made the purchase, but we have no further information as to their proceedings in this account, which is in other respects superficial and unsatisfactory.

*Maternal Letters to a Young Lady on her entrance into Life. Debbrett. 12mo. 6d. 1795.*

These Letters present to the young reader a series of observations on the following subjects : religion, accomplishments, connections and attachments, amusements, reputation. The sentiments are just, and the advice suggested salutary, but they are not remarkable for any peculiar elegance of style, nor distinguished by any thing of novelty in the matter, or originality in the turn of thinking.

*Mythology ; or, a History of the Fabulous Deities of the Ancients : designed to facilitate the study of History, Poetry, Painting, &c. 8vo. 3s. sewed. Richardson. 1795.*

There have been various books composed on the present subject,—several in our own tongue : the most popular is that entitled the Pantheon, representing the fabulous histories of the heathen Gods, and most illustrious heroes, by Tooke, in short and familiar dialogues,—a work, that has gone through no less than twenty eight editions. It may therefore be thought by some that the present publication is superfluous, and not likely to answer the expectations of the author. We will therefore let the lady speak for herself.

‘ Convinced that a knowledge of what have been the superstitions and fables of the ancients is absolutely necessary, in order to comprehend most of the subjects of poetry, painting, &c. I felt that education must be imperfect from which this study is excluded ; yet I was embarrassed what books to make choice of for the instruction of my pupils. I knew of none which I could with propriety put into their hands, since I had not met with any on the subject, at least any such as could give them all the information I wished, and which were not liable to the same objection, I mean the indecencies they abound with. These considerations, as

you know, madam, prompted me to attempt this work, though at first with a sole view of being myself the better enabled to fulfil the duties of the trust which you had confided to me, and of neglecting nothing which appeared to me worthy the attention of one who undertakes the important charge of education. In this compilation it has been my care to obviate the above objection, by rejecting, as much as it depended on me to do, what I have found exceptionable in books of this kind, and at the same time to give a clear and distinct account of all the principal personages and events of the fabulous history.' p. i.

This volume is divided into six classes, and the order is nearly similar to that in Tooke's Pantheon—

'I. The Celestial Gods and Goddesses—II. The Terrestrial Divinities—III. The Sylvan and Domestic Deities, &c.—IV. The Gods of the Sea; or, the Marine Gods—The Infernal Gods, &c. and—VI. The Demi Gods, Heroes, &c. &c.' p. xii.

A work of this kind can be supposed to be little more than a compilation, whose principal excellence is accuracy: it, however, comes further recommended by the neat language in which it is composed, and by the total absence of every thing like ostentation and pedantry. It possesses, in our opinion, very considerable merit. It may be read with advantage in schools; but we recommend it more particularly to our female readers, and to those who are desirous of not appearing novices in the subjects of ancient history, poetry, and painting, and who yet may neither have inclination, or leisure to study the Greek and Latin languages.

In a well written *introduction*, our author gives an account of the origin and progress of idolatry.

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## E R R A T A

*In HURD'S REVIEW of WARBURTON, in our last.*

P. 205, l. 25, for *best* read *last*.—The bottom line but one, for *been* read *borne*.—P. 206, for *divided* read *decided*.—P. 207, line 6 from the bottom, for *which* read *this*.—P. 208, 21 from bottom, for *procured* read *obtained*.—P. 209, line 3, for *one* read *our*.

